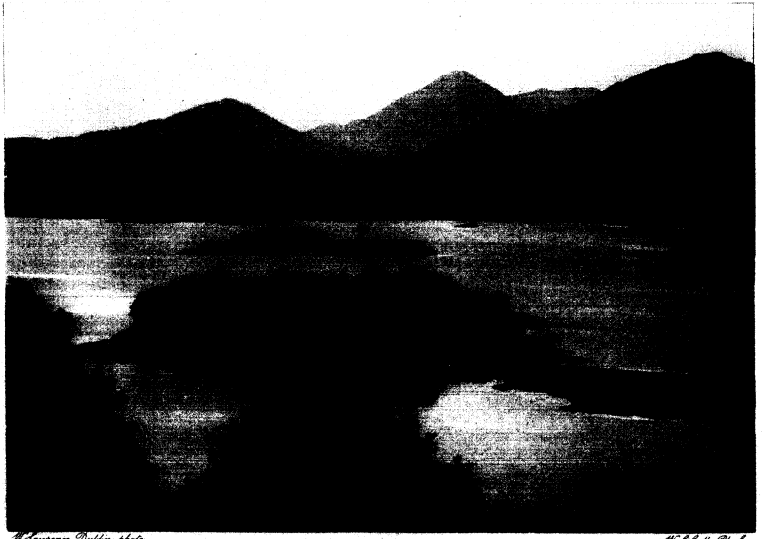
SPENSER

THE
FAERIE
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BOOK 6

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"For all that ever was by Natur's skill
Devized to make Delight, was gathered there".

The Faerie Queene

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By EDMUND SPENSER

BOOK VI

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS OF 1590 AND 1596 WITH INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY BY

KATE M. WARREN

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PREFACE

THE text of this Sixth and last volume of the *Faerie Queene* has been prepared from the quarto edition of 1596, with frequent reference to the folio of 1609 and later editions. The photograph which accompanies the more expensive issue of the book is reproduced by the kind permission of Mr. William Laurence of Dublin.

In bringing to a close this edition of the great poem, I wish to acknowledge, once more, my obligation to previous editors, and, especially in the preparation of the glossaries, to the invaluable *New English Dictionary*, for which all students of English owe a debt to Oxford.

There are also some more personal acknowledgments to be made. To Mr. Stopford Brooke, whose kindness is unfailing, and to whose inspiration the conception of this issue of the *Faerie Queene* is owing, I wish to offer gratefulness for his criticism of the Introductions to these volumes, one by one, when in proof. They owe much to him. To Sir Edward Fry and some members of his family I am indebted for kindly help over various difficulties, especially the classical allusions in the Fourth volume. To Professor W. P. Ker, and Professor Gregory Foster, my thanks are due for advice at other stages of the work; and, finally, it gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the generous kindness of Messrs. Constable and Co., the publishers of this edition, during the three years I have been engaged upon it.

KATE M. WARREN.

December, 1899.

INTRODUCTION

THE Sixth Book of the *Faerie Queene* contained in this volume is the Legend of Sir Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy. It is the last of the completed books of the poem, and was published under one cover with the Fourth and Fifth Books in 1596. In character, however, while bearing of necessity a general resemblance to the rest of the *Faerie Queene*, it stands very much alone. It is differentiated from the other books of the poem by a simplicity of idea and of execution.

The finest portion of its narrative, the story of Pastorella, is a picture of the simple pastoral life which Spenser had used, many years before, as a background for his poem of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, while nearly all its other incidents are laid out of doors in the primitive forest or the plain. There is in the poem scarcely a touch of the life of the city or the court. The castle of Briana, the scene of a long adventure, stands alone upon a rocky hill, "hard by a straight" or narrow pass; young Tristram, the centre of another incident, is a ranger of the "forest green," not yet a bearer of knightly arms. Calepine and Serena, the hero and heroine of a third story, second only in importance to that of Pastorella, are first met with in the woods, and when in trouble are succoured by a "salvage," who is himself a lonely dweller in the forest. During their sojourn with this wild host one is kept in mind

of the primitive country around them. Calepine is separated from Serena by his pursuit of a bear, which comes upon him as he saunters out one morning, after illness, "to take the ayre and heare the thrushes song." Serena being left in grief is succoured by Prince Arthur. He places her under the care of a hermit, who, being weary "of warres delight, and world's contentious toyle," has given up the arms of knighthood, and freed himself from "all this world's incombrance," that he might retire to a solitary life of devotion amid the loneliness of nature. He entertained his visitor in sincere and simple fashion—

> Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
> For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
> But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

The rest of this story also is laid in the "wylde deserts." Serena falls into the hands of "salvages," who are about to offer her in sacrifice, when Calepine, roving in search of her through the solitary country, effects a rescue.

Again, Calidore, the champion knight of the book, passes most of his time with the shepherds. The enemies that fall upon these shepherds are those which belong to solitary places—"brigants" and travelling merchant-thieves. The poem, then, is one of the free air and the uncultivated country, and, more than any of the others, would seem to have been influenced by Spenser's Irish neighbourhood.

Still further it may be said that there is no scene of elaborate pageantry described in this Book, such as the Procession of Pride, the Cave of Mammon, the Mask of Cupid, or the Marriage of the Rivers, as are found elsewhere. Instead of these pageants we have here a dance of the Graces, clothed only with their own fairness, in a lovely and lonely woodland spot.

In more abstract matters, we find the same quality of simplicity. There is no involved or elaborate allegory of any sort in the Book. The main allegorical contention—the pursuit of the Blatant Beast of Calumny by the Knight of Courtesy, and the adventures which arise out of it—is as easily understood and applied as any portion of the allegory in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The historical references, too, are generally clear. In this legend, moreover, we have a passage in which Spenser clearly advocates the living of a simple life in the country in opposition to the complex life of the city and the court. He puts this theory of life into the mouth of the old shepherd Melibee, and we shall return to it presently.

A simplicity, then, of "motive" and of execution would seem to be the special mark of the Sixth Book. How far this was caused by Spenser's own condition of mind and state of life while writing the poem is a question all the more fascinating because the answer eludes us. That this strong element of simplicity in the poem has its root in the poet's condition at the time cannot be fully proved. We do know, however, something definite of Spenser's life while he was engaged upon this book. It was not published until 1596, but from his eightieth sonnet [1] in the *Amoretti* it would seem that he had finished the six Books of the *Faerie Queene* before he wrote that series of sonnets to the lady who had then consented to become his wife, and whom he married in 1594. There seems no doubt that in the Pastorella of this Book we have a picture of this lady, who at that time was probably betrothed to the poet.

We may then imagine something of the poet's inner life.

[1] "After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me, being half fordonne," etc.

Possessed by the pure, strong love of a woman who was to him an ideal of beauty within and without, he was living for a time in touch with both heaven and earth. His lady was a real woman, but yet he saw in her also the embodiment of all that he had dreamed of the fair women of his imagination as he drew them in the *Faerie Queene*. Even the lover of ideal beauty is, for a while at least, satisfied and at rest.

If, then, during the writing of this Book, Spenser was feeling deeply the happiness of a great love, it is not surprising that his poem should have that quality of simplicity which naturally belongs to the central depths of feeling. The *Legend of Courtesy* is simple because Spenser was happy in his love.

In this way we may trace an autobiographical element in the general tone of the poem. But more directly personal than this are some of the incidents and characters described in it. We have already spoken of the undoubted allusion to the poet's lady love in the person of Pastorella; critics also seem certain that in the story of Mirabella we have an allegorical account of his earlier and unhappy love for the fair Rosalind, and it is quite clear that he alludes to his three great friends—Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Walter Raleigh—in the persons of Sir Calidore, Sir Artegall and Sir Timias. Again, he introduces himself very unmistakably in this Book under the name of Colin Clout, a name used by him in the *Shepherd's Calendar* and in "Colin Clout's come home again." Less clearly, but not less certainly, he alludes to himself when he makes Sir Calidore the lover of Pastorella.[1] The closing stanzas of the poem contain a pointed reference to his own verses. The Book is also autobiographical in the view it takes of the result of

[1] The wooing of Pastorella by Calidore represents, also, Sir Philip Sidney's courtship of the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham.

the conflict of its hero with his chief enemy the Blatant Beast. Sir Calidore muzzles the Beast at last, but not for ever. After some years it breaks loose and cannot again be captured. Sir Calidore's success is shown to be only a half-success; slander is rampant once more when he has passed away from the scene. The Legend of Courtesy ends with no picture of triumph. This is out of Spenser's own experience. In the years while he was engaged upon the *Faerie Queene* he was learning, little by little, one of the hardest truths that the lover of the ideal has to learn in this life—the enormous strength of evil in the world, of cruelty, hypocrisy, injustice, falsehood, jealousy, malice, and all the rest; and how infinitely small is the headway that any single man or woman can make against it. We may trace somewhat the growth of this knowledge in Spenser's mind if we look at the Books of the *Faerie Queene* in their order. In Book I. the Champion Knight of Holiness, though frequently rebuffed and baffled, is at last completely the victor: he fells the dragon dead — the thing he set out to accomplish—and leaves the people of the country rejoicing and at peace, followed by their blessing. In Book II. Sir Guyon, the Champion of Temperance, accomplishes his quest —the destruction of Acrasia's garden—with equal thoroughness; but over that no note of rejoicing is heard, only a repining and abusive voice arises from one of the indwellers of the garden who would gladly have retained the bestial shape from which the Palmer had set him free. At the end of this Book we leave Sir Guyon and his companion gravely surveying the devastation they have made in the loveliness of the place before leaving it for ever. In Book III., though Britomart at last is able to free Amoret from the enchanter's spell, the joy of these two is turned into grief, when, emerging from the castle, they find that Scudamore, Amoret's lover,

whom they looked certainly to see, has disappeared. In the Fourth Book there is no great quest to be followed, but in Book V. the note of defeat is heard boldly behind that of apparent success. Artegall, the Knight of Justice, does accomplish the overthrow of the tyrant Grantorto, but he passes off the scene pursued by the hags of envy and detraction and the barking and baying of the Blatant Beast. In Book VI. Artegall appears for a moment "returning *yet halfe sad* from his late conquest which he gotten had." It is impressed upon us by the poet at the very beginning of the new book that the result of victory is not by any means a matter of rejoicing to the victor. How different is this view of things from the shouts of joy and the honour which (in Book I.) hailed the victory of the Red Cross Knight. Spenser has learned now that his idealist scheme of life—that the good are quickly rewarded and the evil quickly punished in this world —will not fit the facts. Things are not so nicely meted out; there is no rule, but apparent confusion; the Blatant Beast, he discovers, bites "good and bad alike."

If this were his view with regard to the greater life of the world outside him, it is little wonder that he should turn with relief to picture the peaceful joy of a life with nature, where (as it seemed to him) the Blatant Beast and all his evil were unknown. And this simple life he urges with all his might in a celebrated passage, to which I have already alluded. The old shepherd Melibee lives a plain, contented, self-contained life in the country, keeping his flocks, envying no one and envied by none, enjoying the "silver sleep" of the nights and the simple duties and pleasures of the day. But he had not been always so. Once he had disdained the simple life, and, seeking the royal court, had for ten years "in the princes garden daily wrought." Cloyed at last, however, with the "vainenesse" he found there, and, deluded by idle hopes, he re-

turned gladly to his lowly state, and from this experience he says :

> I from henceforth have learned to love more deare
> This lowly quiet life which I inherite here.

We may conclude here that Spenser is partly recalling his time at Court and his wasted efforts to gain promotion there. He has put the matter much more strongly, though, in "Colin Clout's come home again."

But though he advocates the life of simplicity removed from town, he is no fanatic upon it. He is sane enough to see that this withdrawal from the world, while healthy and right in certain cases and at certain times, is not the best for those who have a duty to fulfil in the midst of men and for the sake of men. He tries to express this in the story of Sir Calidore, who, having fallen in love with Pastorella, the reputed daughter of the Shepherd, is naturally drawn on that account to wish to join the rural life. As he listens to old Melibee's account of himself, he eagerly explains how much he wishes he had been or could be placed in the Shepherd's "low degree." But Melibee is far-seeing and sagacious, and tells him frankly that "the heavens know best what is the best". for every man and

> fittest is, that all contented rest
> With that they hold; each hath his fortune in his brest.
> . . . . . .
> It is the mynd that maketh good or ill.

Sir Calidore, however, begs to be allowed to rest with the shepherd community for at least a time until he can decide whether he will turn his back for ever upon the troubles of the larger world, or whether he will throw himself again into the battle. So he stays there in much pure joy, wooing and winning Pastorella, until, disaster falling upon the little commu-

nity, recalls to him his neglect of his own quest—the pursuit of the Blatant Beast.

The moral implied here is simple enough, and is not unlike the teaching that was given to the Knight of Holiness when he wished to dwell upon the Mount of Contemplation. The world is a battlefield, and we cannot withdraw from it without a neglect of duty, even though the condition into which we would withdraw be, in itself, a noble one. It is intensely interesting to find that Spenser brings this subtle temptation of withdrawal from the world upon four of his typical champion Knights, who are men, though Britomart, the woman-knight, is exempt from it. The Knight of Holiness is enthralled by the delight of Contemplation; the Knight of Temperance is allured by Phaedria, the lighter and more delicate pleasures of the senses, who urges him to "withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize." The Knight of Justice is drawn out of his course by the consequences of a rash vow, which, with a perverted sense of honour,[1] he determines to fulfil. But the Knight of Courtesy has to meet the most strong and subtle of all the forms of temptation to leave the world. The appeal of the pastoral life comes to him through his high and pure love for Pastorella, and, in that love, touches all that is most delicate, refined and noble in his nature—it is an appeal that seems to come from both earth and heaven. Moreover, as the embodiment of Courtesy—the ideal Courtesy of Spenser—all that is tranquil, gracious, simple, in the life both of the body and the soul especially allures him. But there are rougher things in the world than these, which are the enemies of men, and the Knight of Courtesy must not ignore them; otherwise, in the end,

[1] Perverted, according to the view of the present writer. (See vol. V. in this series, Introduction, p. xxvi.) But all may not agree with her. It is an ethical problem open to discussion.

the very practice of the courtesy he stands for will be made impossible by their ravaging.

Reviewing the whole of the *Faerie Queene* in this way, it does not seem too fanciful, while making some allowance for the conventional allegory in the poem, to trace in it some portion of Spenser's spiritual history, and more particularly, perhaps, in this *Legend of Courtesy*.

What, however, has especially marked out the Sixth Book in popular estimation is that it has added to our roll of well-known heroes created by literature the name of Sir Calidore. We know him by name almost as well as we know the Red Cross Knight. Of all the figures of Knighthood drawn by Spenser these two have been chosen by time to be the best remembered, but the poet himself took more interest in the drawing of Sir Calidoré than of St. George. As a rule Spenser, not caring much about his knights except as types of the virtues, makes them colourless, with no marked characteristic save skill in battle. The two exceptions to this are Calidore and Artegall, each of whom we know was representative of a loved and honoured friend of the poet. Yet even here no dramatic vividness is given to them—Spenser is seldom dramatic—but some care is taken to make them both vital characters. In the case of Sir Calidore, indeed, this was not difficult to do. The personal charm which the poet conceived as the foremost characteristic of his Knight of Courtesy is a quality which we can all recognise. It is more than a quality, it is an atmosphere that sheds its grace on all that is said and done by the person who possesses it. It is to a character what "the light that never was on sea or land" is to a work of art, and we can no more define it than we can define genius; it is, indeed, almost always an accompaniment of genius. When it is allied with moral, intellectual or spiritual greatness, or its possessor is in some

position of worldly importance, then a noble popularity attends it, and the figure of the man stands out on the pages of even the dullest of historians with a romantic light. St. Francis of Assisi, Sir Thomas More, and Sir Philip Sidney are well-known examples of this. To the great heroes of romantic story, such as King Arthur, this quality of personal charm has always been assigned.

It is not surprising, then, that Sir Calidore is more of a real character to us than any other knight of the *Faerie Queene*. The virtues of Holiness, Temperance, or Justice, when embodied in a knight, are not so personal, nor do they mark out a personality so clearly, or affect his personal intercourse with others so strongly, as the virtue of courtesy. Courtesy is always felt to be supreme in our intercourse with the persons who possess it. And Spenser had felt this—as all others did—in contact with Sir Philip Sidney. He is, then, describing a real character in Sir Calidore, and describing it with more wholeness than he described that of Sir Artegall, who also had his origin in a real character. In describing Lord Grey de Wilton as the Knight of Justice he omitted—since he clung closely to his own conception of that virtue—nearly all the more purely human and lovable elements in the character of the nobleman, as we know from contemporary accounts, but he is not thus limited in his picture of Sir Calidore. In the Knight of Courtesy he can embody the virtue of courage or of justice without any fear of spoiling the impression of courtesy he wishes to make.

But before we consider Spenser's ideal of Courtesy, it must be noticed that Calidore is not the only person who does the work of that virtue in the Book. There is Sir Calepine and there is Prince Arthur, who are each upholding it. As to Prince Arthur, while his work may be here looked upon as illustrating ideal courtesy, we are forced to see that the poet's

interest in him has waned. He is now altogether colourless. Sir Calepine, as a person, is of rather more importance, and his chivalrous attendance upon his lady Serena, with other adventures, somewhat individualize him, and take up a large portion of this Book. It will be noticed, however, that neither he nor Sir Calidore meet with Prince Arthur, whose adventures are conducted with entire independence of these two knights of Courtesy.

We may here turn aside for a moment to point out that the call thus made upon us in the poem to divide our interest between three almost unconnected series of adventures, accomplished by the three chief warriors for Courtesy, is one more instance of what we recognise as the weakness of some of the poems which make up the *Faerie Queene*—their want of unity in form, and sometimes in thought. The form of this Sixth Book is a compromise between the fairly traceable unity of Books I., II. and V., and the formlessness of Books III. and IV., in which there are no wholly central figures nor any very clear central thought. This *Legend of Courtesy*, on the other hand, falls into two, or three, distinct parts, but not more than three. The history of Sir Calidore runs through the first three cantos and then disappears until the ninth, when it continues to the end of the poem. In between, we have the story of Sir Calepine and Serena, and the doings of Prince Arthur, who is introduced as the helper of Serena when divided from her lover. In spite, however, of the disjointed structure of the poem the central idea of the virtue of Courtesy is fairly preserved throughout. What, then, is the poet's ideal here is the next matter to consider.

In his opening description of Courtesy, gentleness of spirit, "comely guise," graciousness of speech, "stealing men's hearts away," are the first things belonging to Sir Calidore.

Of course he has bravery, strength and renown in battle. Then the knight used his graciousness

> To please the best and th' evill to embase;
> For he loath'd leasing and base flattery,
> And loved simple truth and steadfast honesty.

Nothing, again, is more blameful to a knight who professes courtesy than "pride and cruelnesse," while "inhumanitie" is an utter shame in him.

> For seldome yet did living creature see
> That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

Sincerity is insisted upon as the first necessity of one who would be truly courteous, sincerity in small as well as large matters. The Hermit, in lines I have already quoted (p. viii.), is praised by the poet for the "entire affection" with which he entertained his guests, not with such "forged showes" as are fit only for "courting fooles that curtesies would faine." Deceit and treachery are the marks of the "discourteous knight" Turpine, who veils himself under a falsely courteous aspect. And in the lines I quote it is made once more plain that by courtesy Spenser means all that belongs to nobility of intercourse with one's fellows.

> Like as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
> In doing gentle deedes with frank delight,
> Even so the baser mind it selfe displayes
> In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
> For to maligne, t'envie, t'use shifting slight,
> Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
> Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
> To work by wicked treason wayes doth find.
> By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

True courtesy, too, will teach men some of the lesser graces of life—"the complements of curtesie"—such as "comely carriage, entertainment kind, sweet semblaunt, friendly offices

that bynde; and how we should ourselves demeane to low, to hie, to friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility." These gifts are bestowed on the truly courteous by the Graces themselves, the poet says, in a fine passage describing the attendants of Venus. Spenser, however, is an Elizabethan aristocrat, and he implies at times that "gentle manners" naturally go along with "gentle blood," and that "noble carriage" is rarely found apart from good breeding. But he is not always consistent in this view, since the old peasant shepherd is made a pattern of courtesy, though the goodness and humanity of the "salvage man" who waits upon Serena are ascribed to the "noble blood" that is in him. But the shepherd Coridon is a little unfairly treated when he is allowed neither bravery nor magnanimity. In fact, the contrast between the lowly Coridon and the well-born Calidore (if we view it as anything more than a conventional device of pastoral poetry) is sentimentally overdone; and the effect of it is to make us sympathize with Coridon when Calidore outstripped him in the wooing of Pastorella. It was easy for Calidore to show the courteousness of magnanimity when in contact with the young shepherd; he had all the advantages on his side, and he knew it, and he was not too scrupulous as to the means he used for encompassing his ends. Indeed we like him better as the pursuer of the Blatant Beast than as the wooer of Pastorella, when he is forgetting the quest committed to him. In spite of Spenser's sayings to the contrary, there is a suspicion of condescension towards the shepherds in Sir Calidore's behaviour, when he moves among them. We owe him a grudge, also, for his somewhat clumsy disturbance of one of the loveliest scenes in the Book—the dancing of the Graces to the pipe of Colin Clout.

But to return to him as Courtesy, it is to Calidore that is committed the war against the deadliest enemy of that virtue—

the Blatant Beast of Slander, both public and private. And here it is well to look carefully at this creature, because the chief opposing force which Spenser sets up against each of his typical virtues tells us a good deal, in a negative way, about his conception of the virtue itself. When we find, for example, in the *Legend of Friendship* that the enemy most insisted upon in the poem is Discord, we know that Spenser's Friendship probably implied what we now mean by Concord. So here, when we see that the greatest enemy to be overcome by the Knight of Courtesy is calumny, slander, evil-speaking, backbiting, call it whatever we like, we realize that Spenser's courtesy is a more spiritual quality than that to which we now give the name. The Blatant Beast is plainly allegorical, and he is not pictured with as much realistic detail as the dragon of Book I. The two physical points about him that are insisted upon are his innumerable tongues of every kind, and his teeth. A thousand tongues of dogs, cats, bears, tigers, serpents, barking, quarrelling, snarling, growling, spitting out venom, and all vile and hateful things, belong to him,

> But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
> Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

And this

> Of good and bad alike, of low and hie.

All who came within the range of this creature were either "blotted with infamy" or bitten with "his baneful teeth." Neither public place, such as monastery or church, or private life, was safe from his havoc. This thing, then, of cruel tongues and venomous teeth, spiteful and yet stupid, was in Spenser's eyes the impersonation of the worst *social* evil of his time and of all time. For courtesy was to him the great *social* virtue, the fine art of living together nobly with all other

human beings—the most difficult art of all, the art of life itself. It is no courtesy of lip or manner merely that Spenser puts forward, but a courtesy whose

> seat is deepe within the mind,
> And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defynd.

And the fruits of this deep-rooted courtesy are sincerity, courage, pity, long-suffering, faithfulness, gentleness, helpfulness to all and honour to all. And while there are many foes to courtesy, such as inhuman customs, railing moods, churlishness of many kinds, deceit, malice, cruelty, ignorance, all of which the Knights of Courtesy are shown in this *Legend* as overthrowing, the one great enemy to be met is calumny—slander of human beings by human beings, who by this very act take to themselves something of the brutish nature. The tongues of the Blatant Beast are not only those of men but of other animals. And Spenser saw deeply when he made this enemy the great enemy of civilized life. Were the spirit in which slander is conceived to prevail everywhere, there would be an end to all the peaceful intercourse of individuals and societies. Of all spirits it is the most non-social, for it breaks up all trustfulness between man and man; love, friendship, esteem, honourable work, try as they will, cannot stand against its venom. It calls good evil, and finds ugliness in the very face of beauty. Goodness is defenceless against its attack. There is no fortress that it cannot spoil. The holiest of holies is not safe from it. A pure, simple human soul may abash it for a brief time, as did Sir Calidore when he muzzled the Beast, but only for a time; very soon it is ranging through the world again. In no part of the *Faerie Queene* is the moral allegory more weighty than it is here. The Sixth Book is closer to real life than the First.

Spenser's ideal of courtesy, then, is very comprehensive, and to appreciate it fully one must read with some care the various

adventures of the knights who fight for it. These adventures are of many kinds; and while Spenser used them all as means of illustrating the practice of Courtesy, he was not at all equally interested in the stories themselves. And we can tell this by the variation in vividness as he writes. When his interest flags, when the allegorical dominates the human or romantic element, his imagination dies down, his narrative fails in invention and liveliness. In this Sixth Book we have several stories of this character. The incident of Calidore with Crudor and Briana; and with Priscilla and Aladine; the story of Prince Arthur and Timias; of Arthur and Turpine; and even of Mirabella (said to be one of the "lost poems" of Spenser, the *Court of Cupid*), are not to be compared for imaginative quality with the picture of Serena among the savages and her rescue by Calepine, or still less with the whole story of Calidore and Pastorella, or even, in a smaller way, with Calepine's rescue of the babe from the bear, or Calidore's pursuit of the Blatant Beast. But in spite of this unevenness of imagination, the Sixth Book has, on the whole, a quality of chastened strength, of delicacy, of tenderness, and of an even more refined sense of beauty than we find in the other Books of the *Faerie Queene*. The picture of Pastorella among the shepherds, or amid the dancing of the Graces, stands quite alone among Spenser's work. Pastorella is not interesting as a human being; she never opens her mouth once in the story, but she is more purely and innocently lovely than any other Spenserian woman. Then there is Serena, of the same type, in that scene among the savages to which we have alluded. We have in this Book, too, a charming picture of Sir Tristram, a "slender slip" of seventeen years, in youthful purity and courage, whose relationship to Calidore reminds us of that of Gareth to Arthur in the *Idylls*. And in Sir Calepine's half humorous yet wholly tender attention to the

babe rescued from the bear, we have a pretty hint of the poet's sense of fatherhood. On the whole these passages stand alone, nothing quite like them is found elsewhere in Spenser.

It is fairly easy, of course, to find "the original" of most of these delightful stories, and commentators on Spenser have given much time to working out the comparison between the poet's work and that of others. It is interesting, but it does not much affect our regard for Spenser, for we find that, whether he used Ariosto or Malory as his original, his work is always Spenserian; the manner and spirit of it are his own. No original gives the story in the way and in the verse in which he clothed it. And this is especially true of the Sixth Book, which is nearer to pure romantic sources than any of the others.

It is difficult to agree with Professor Courthope when he says of the *Legend of Courtesy* "that it has no very salient features"; and that "its allegory is chiefly remarkable for its covert reference to the amour of Sir Walter Raleigh, which brought upon him the displeasure of the Queen." Such a criticism is best answered by a careful reading of the Book itself.

The Sixth Book completes what we have of the *Faerie Queene*, as it was published during Spenser's lifetime. In 1609, ten years after the poet's death, there appeared the first folio edition of the *Faerie Queene*, and at the end of this volume were printed some portions of a poem on "Mutabilitie." These are supposed to have been intended for a Seventh Book on *Constancy*, and they will be treated of in another volume. But, putting this aside, the *Legend of Courtesy* forms a noble completion to Spenser's great poem. It has more romance than the earlier portions of the *Faerie Queene*, and yet there is also, if we are not mistaken, a closer grasp of real life, a greater power to see things steadily and see them whole. It is both sadder and happier than any other of the Books.

ANALYSIS OF BOOK VI.

Canto I.—Sir Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy, being out upon a quest, meets with Sir Artegall, who tells him of his own late adventures (as related in Book V.). Sir Calidore inquires of him whether he has seen the Blatant Beast, which the Knight of Courtesy is seeking for. Artegall says he has lately met him in the "Salvage Isle," and gives an account of the monster. The two knights then go their several ways, and we hear no more at all of Artegall.

Sir Calidore, travelling on, meets with a Squire bound to a tree. He sets him free and hears the reason of his bondage. The Squire and his lady have been set upon by Maleffort, the seneschal of a castle owned by Briana. This Briana is in love with a churlish knight named Crudor, who has promised to marry her only on condition that she will provide for him a mantle lined with human hair. In order to obtain the material for this she exacts from all the passers by a toll—of his beard from a knight, of her hair from a lady. The Squire and his lady having refused this toll, Maleffort has bound the former to a tree, and is now pursuing the lady, who had meanwhile escaped. While the Squire is telling this story, they hear the cries of the lady, and see the seneschal dragging her along by her hair. Calidore attacks him, follows him to the castle, and kills him. Briana comes out, and upbraids the knight for attacking the castle of an unprotected woman. She sends for Crudor, and he and Calidore fight out the matter. Calidore is victor, and makes the churlish

knight promise to marry Briana and to refrain from molesting the passers by. They all become friends, and Briana gives the castle as a gift to Calidore, who in turn gives it to the squire and his lady.

Canto II.—Calidore journeys on, and comes upon "a tall young man fighting on foot against an armed knight," while standing beside them a fair lady, in miserable clothing, watches the fight. The young man kills the knight, and Calidore demands of him the reason of the quarrel. He answers that he had met the knight ill-treating the lady, and took upon himself to defend her, with the result we have seen. The lady then bears out this story, and says, further, that she and her knight had that day been riding together, when they came upon another knight with his lady. Her own knight then wished to abandon her and to possess this other lady. She herself demurred at this, and her knight then threw her from the saddle and turned to meet the other knight, who was not willing to give up his own lady at such short notice. The two men fight for some time, and the second knight is wounded; meanwhile his lady has escaped into the wood. The first knight followed her, but could not find her, and returned in angry mood to his own ill-used lady. He made her go on foot beside the horse he rode, and was otherwise ill-treating her, when the "tall young man" appeared and defended her, as we have heard.

Calidore then asks this young man about himself, and hears that his name is Tristram, and his birth noble. He admires his prowess and dubs him knight. Tristram wishes to follow him, but Calidore commends to his care the hapless lady whose knight the "young man" has just killed, and leaves them, going on his own quest again. We hear no more of Sir Tristram and this lady. Calidore, however, comes upon the second wounded knight (St. 20). whose lady is binding up his

wounds and making lamentation. Between them they carry the wounded man to a castle near by.

Canto III.—As it happens, the owner of this castle, who is named Aldus, is the father of the wounded knight, Aladine. 13
He entertains them well, but the lady, Priscilla, is unhappy, not only about her knight, but for her own reputation. She is the daughter of a lord, who wished her to marry a great peer, but she had given her love to Aladine, and by compassing a meeting with him has placed her good fame in peril. Both she and her lover look to Calidore for help in this difficult situation. He promises to arrange the matter, and, bidding farewell to Aladine, he takes the lady home to her father, telling a specious story to account for her position. The old lord believes it all, and is satisfied. Everything is smoothed over, and Calidore goes on his way.

He comes suddenly upon two lovers, and, making courteous apology for intrusion, enters into conversation with them. Serena, the lady, however, wanders away, gathering flowers, when the Blatant Beast seizes her and bears her off. Calidore pursues him and makes him drop his prey, while the knight, Sir Calepine, picks up his lady, and, finding her badly wounded, seeks a lodging. On his way he reaches a river, and begs a mounted knight, who is near by, to help him across with the lady. This request is churlishly refused, though his wife, who is with this knight, offers her help. Calepine gets across the river alone, pursued by the taunts of the churl. He comes to a castle and asks for admission; but this is the dwelling of the knight he has just met, whose name is Turpine, and he is rudely turned away, in spite of the intercession of Blandina, Turpine's wife. So Calepine and Serena sleep outside all night in discomfort. The next day, travelling onward, they are pursued by Sir Turpine, who attacks and wounds Calepine.

Canto IV.—But a "salvage man," hearing the cries of Serena, comes to the rescue and puts Turpine to flight. This "salvage" is compassionate, leads them to his dwelling, and tends their wounds. Calepine soon recovers, but Serena's wound will not heal, for it is "inwardly unsound." One morning Calepine goes out to take the air, all unarmed. He sees a bear carrying off an infant in its mouth; he pursues it, and rescues the child, whom he finds unhurt. He is feeling perplexed as to what to do with it, when he comes upon a woman loudly lamenting. He asks her what is the matter, and she tells him that she is Matilde, the wife of Sir Bruin, who has lately recovered his inheritance from a cruel giant. She and her husband are unhappy because they have no heir to take the land after them, in spite of a prophecy made to them concerning a son who should "be gotten not begotten." Upon this, Calepine asks her to take as her own the child he is holding. Gladly she does this, and makes her husband believe it is their own offspring. The poet says that the boy became a famous knight, whose deeds shall be "shown elsewhere" (but they never are).

Canto V.—The "salvage man" seeks for Calepine, but failing to find him, returns to Serena, who is plunged into violent grief at the loss of her lover. He attends on her kindly, and finally they set off together to seek for Calepine. One day, as Serena is being waited on by her wild attendant, two errant knights, Prince Arthur and Timias, come by.

The poet here turns aside to tell us how it is these two have met again. Timias, having recovered the favour of Belphœbe, (See Bk. IV., C. vii., viii.) was attacked by three foes—Despetto, Decetto, and Defetto, who set the Blatant Beast upon him. He manages to drive him away, but not before the creature's "tooth impure" has bitten him. Then these three set upon him again and nearly kill him, when Prince Arthur, riding by,

rescues him, and recognises in him his own long-lost and beloved Squire.

These two then ride on together, and come, as we have seen, upon Serena and her attendant. As they approach, the "salvage" is attending to the "furniture about her steed," but his uncouth appearance and his attitude cause the knights to misunderstand the situation, and they would have fallen upon him but for the cries of Serena, who begs them not to touch her faithful follower. She tells them her story, and they all go on together to a hermitage, Timias and Serena being weak through their wounds from the Blatant Beast. The hermit entertains them kindly, but the two sick ones pass a wretched night of pain, and are too ill to travel onward the next day. Prince Arthur leaves them in the care of their host.

Canto VI.—The healing of Timias and Serena goes on very slowly, though the hermit tries many remedies. At last he finds that their wounds need more than ordinary medicine, and he gives them grave advice. The remedy lies in themselves; they must, in food and in every matter, use abstinence and restraint, and "talk in open sight." They follow his advice carefully and soon recover. Then they set out together. They meet a fair lady on a miserable hack led by a fool, but we are told her story later on. Meanwhile the poet takes us to Prince Arthur, who, followed by the "salvage man," has gone to seek and punish the churlish Turpine (C. iii. St. 30, etc.). Arthur craves access to his castle on the plea that he is a knight wearied out with fatigue, but the groom turns him roughly away, and the "salvage" kills the groom.

This incident arouses the castle, and a fight follows, in which Turpine and forty men are against the Prince and his one man. But Arthur has the best of it, and drives Turpine to a chamber where Blandina is sitting. Blandina shelters

him, and he stands "trembling in coward fear" as she begs mercy for him. The Prince disdainfully grants him life. Things are then peacefully arranged, and, after being entertained by Blandina, Arthur moves onward.

Canto VII.—But Turpine rides after him, bent on mischief. He meets, on his way, two knights bound together in pursuit of adventure, and enlists their sympathy against Arthur, saying that he is a discourteous knight, who has done harm to a lady. They believe him, and ride after the Prince. A fight follows, in which one of them is killed, and the other, whose name is Enias, is at the point of death, when he begs for mercy, promising to reveal to Arthur a plot against his life, and to deliver Turpine into his hands. His prayer is granted, and he then goes to Turpine, tells him that he has slain Arthur, and leads him to the place where lie the dead Knight and the Prince, who is asleep. Turpine seeing his enemy still alive, though in sleep, attempts to beguile Sir Enias to treachery, but in vain. The "salvage" then appears and seizes Turpine, while Prince Arthur awakes, and, despoiling the churl of knighthood, hangs him up by the heels to a tree.

We now turn back to the lady met by Serena and Timias (C. vi. 16). Her name is Mirabella, and she has had many lovers and has treated them all with cruel disdain. On this account Cupid has condemned her to wander about in company with the giant Disdain and the fool named Scorn, until she has saved as many lovers as she has destroyed. Her two companions begin to ill-treat her, and Timias springs upon Disdain in revenge, but he is taken captive and led away, while Serena flees.

Canto VIII.—Mirabella is grieved at the capture and suffering of Timias, and entreats, but vainly, for mercy for him. At this moment, however, Prince Arthur and the knight

Enias come up, chastise severely both Disdain and Scorn, and set Timias free. The villains would have been done to death but for the entreaty of Mirabella, who says that if Disdain is slain her own life will also perish. She then tells her story. The Prince offers to rid her of these bad attendants, but she says she must fulfil her penance or a worse thing will happen to her. So Arthur and his three companions leave her, and the story goes back to Serena, who, after wandering over hill and dale, falls asleep in a desert where a savage people dwell. These come upon her, and, being cannibals, propose to offer her in sacrifice and eat her, when she awakes. All preparations are made for this, and Serena is nearly dead with fright. But, just at the moment when the priest raises the knife to strike her, Calepine, who has been wandering everywhere in his search for her (C. iv. 40) hears the noise of the shouting people, and, rushing forward, rescues her and kills many of the savages. He does not recognise her, since it is nighttime, and she, raimentless, is ashamed to discover herself; but in the morning he knows her, and we are promised later on the rest of their story (but it is not given).

Canto IX.—The poem now returns to Calidore, its hero, who has all this time been pursuing the Blatant Beast. His chase brings him among the shepherds, who, on inquiry, know nothing of the Beast, but they offer Calidore kindly hospitality. He meets amongst them a fair shepherdess, Pastorella, with whom he at once falls in love. She has many lovers, and especially one, a shepherd named Coridon. Her father, Melibee, invites Calidore to his cottage, and he finally takes up his dwelling with them, leaving his pursuit of the Beast. In order to win the favour of Pastorella he puts on shepherd's clothing, keeps the sheep, and joins in the rustic sports. Coridon is jealous of him, but Calidore is always courteous, and begins to win the love of Pastorella.

Canto X.—Continues the life of Calidore among the shepherds. One day he comes upon a lonely and secluded spot, and sees the Graces and the maidens of Venus, "naked and lilly white," with Pastorella in their midst, dancing to the pipe of Colin Clout. Calidore disturbs them by coming into view, and they all disappear. The shepherd upbraids him for this, and tells him who they are. Calidore after this continues his wooing of Pastorella, and one day rescues her from a tiger from which Coridon has fled in "coward fear." From that time Pastorella gives him her love.

But one day, when he is away hunting in the woods, a set of brigands descend upon the pastoral village and, killing many of its inhabitants, take prisoner, amongst others, Melibee, Pastorella, and Coridon, meaning to sell them as slaves.

Canto XI.—The captain of the brigands falls in love with Pastorella, and to escape his wooing she feigns sickness. A band of merchants come to the brigands and ask for slaves; Melibee and Coridon are sold, but the captain refuses to part with Pastorella. The merchants want her, however, and are angry, and a fight follows, in which Melibee and his wife are killed, but Coridon escapes. Many of the brigands also die, and the captain is slain with Pastorella in his arms, but she escapes death.

Meanwhile Calidore has been searching for his shepherd friends, and comes upon Coridon in a wretched plight, who tells him all the miseries that have happened. Coridon and he then disguise themselves and go to find the thieves and to see if Pastorella lives. They pretend to be "herd-grooms," and, mingling with the villains at night, attack and rout them, rescuing Pastorella and much spoil.

Canto XII.—Sir Calidore takes Pastorella to the Castle of Belgard, where live Bellamoure and Claribell, who are old friends of his. This knight and lady have their own romance,

Claribell having been intended by her father as wife to the Prince of Pictland. She, however, loved Bellamoure, which enraged her father, so that he shut them up in separate prisons, yet they met in spite of this. Claribell in prison gave birth to a maiden-child, which she delivered over to her attendant, who took it into the fields and left it, watching to see what would happen. A shepherd coming by took it home to his wife, who nursed and reared it.

Calidore leaves Pastorella, then, with Claribell, and goes away on his quest after the Blatant Beast. Meanwhile Claribell's handmaid, Melissa, discovers a mark upon the breast of Pastorella, which identifies her as the lost child of her mistress, and this discovery causes much rejoicing at the castle of Belgard. We are then taken back to Sir Calidore, who pursues the Blatant Beast in many places, and in the monasteries and churches, and at last muzzles and leads him captive. Yet after a time he gets loose again, and, though well pursued by other good knights, he still ranges through the world, so that not even the "gentle poet's rime can hope to escape his venomous despite."

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

The Legend of Sir Calidore, or of Courtesie

I

THE waies, through which my weary steps I guyde,
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety,
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies and chears my dulled spright.

II

Such secret comfort and such heavenlie pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings threasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where never foote did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muse.

III

Revele to me the sacred noursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine.
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

IV

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre,
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreds itselfe through all civilitie:
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eies misdeeme.

V

But in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashioned to please the eies of them, that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay that it can blynd
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is bras.
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows but inward thoughts defynd.

VI

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
As in yourselfe, O soveraine Lady Queene?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It showes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your name.

VII

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine,
That from yourselfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to yourselfe doe it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their King.
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.

CANTO I

Calidore saves from Maleffort,
A damzell used vylde:
Doth vanquish Crudor, and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

I

OF Court it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation.
Right so in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

II

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then Calidore, beloved over all,
In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away.
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.

III

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace:
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evill to embase.
For he loathd leasing, and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

IV

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest, which he gotten had.
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad:
When Calidore thus first; Haile noblest Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright.

V

Now tell, if please you, of the good successe,
Which ye have had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man (said then Sir Calidore)
Which have so goodly, as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowmed make for evermore.

VI

But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde.
What is that quest, (quoth then Sir Artegall)
That you into such perils presently doth call?

VII

The Blattant Beast (quoth he) I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
What is that Blattant Beast? (then he replide).
It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,
(Then answered he) which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

VIII

Of Cerberus whilome he was begot,
And fell Chimæra in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

IX

Then since the salvage Island I did leave,
Sayd Artegall, I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me devoure.
But I that knew myselfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

X

That surely is that Beast (saide Calidore)
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had:
Yet now some hope your words unto me add.
Now God you speed (quoth then Sir Artegall)
And keepe your body from the daunger drad:
For ye have much adoe to deale withall,
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenas by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound:
Who seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide.
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him said.

XII

Unhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyved in this shamefull place?
To whom he answered thus; My haplesse case
Is not occasioned through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

XIII

Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
By reason of the streight, and rocks among,)
But they that Ladies lockes doe shave away,
And that knights berd, for toll, which they for passage p

XIV

A shamefull use as ever I did heare,
Sayd Calidore, and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell if thou have it knowne.
Sayd then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Castle, is by name Briana hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might.

XV

His name is Crudor, who through high disdaine
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a Mantle she for him doe fynd,
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd.
Which to provide, she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

XVI

He this same day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome,
Did set upon us flying both for feare:
For little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke, unhable to withstond;
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely, whether he her yet have fond.

XVII

Thus whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shrieke
Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghest,
That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho looking up unto the cry to lest,
They saw that Carle from farre, with hand unblest
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

XVIII

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous spoile by so injurious theft.
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde;
Leave, faytor, quickely that misgotten weft
To him that hath it better justifyde,
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art defyde.

XIX

Who hearkning to that voice, himselfe upreard,
And seeing him so fiercely towardes make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake.
Art thou the caytive that defyest me,
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free.

XX

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight.
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
Lying in waite, how him he damadge might.
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

XXI

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
Shall drive a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
And long restrayned of his ready course;
So soone as passage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore,
When once he felt his foeman to relent;
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

XXII

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
Whenas the Carle no longer could sustaine,
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
Toward the Castle, where if need constraine,
His hope of refuge used to remaine.
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward, to open to him hastilie.

XXIII

They from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in,
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut, whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

XXIV

With that the rest, the which the Castle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame.

XXV

False traytor Knight, (said she) no Knight at all,
But scorne of armes that hast with guilty hand
Murdered my men, and slaine my Seneschall;
Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
And spoile myselfe, that cannot thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight.

XXVI

Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
Yet answerd thus; Not unto me the shame,
But to the shamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame
To punish those that doe deserve the same;
But they that breake bands of civilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII

Then doe yourselfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This evill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
To all that passe. That shall you glory gaine
More then his love, which thus ye seeke t'obtaine.
Wherewith all full of wrath, she thus replyde;
Vile recreant, know that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde.

XXVIII

To take defiaunce at a Ladies word,
(Quoth he) I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.
Cowherd (quoth she) were not that thou wouldst fly
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.
If I doe so, (sayd he) then liberty
I leave to you, for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface.

XXIX

With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token which betweene them past
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor, and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now herself in hould,
Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

XXX

The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night;
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned Knight,
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde,
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

XXXI

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread,
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

XXXII

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
And gan t' augment her bitternesse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore.
And having soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, whenas a Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

XXXIII

Well weend he streight that he should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine,
With so fell fury, and despiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

XXXIV

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound,
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that drery stound,
There where she stood uppon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground,
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

XXXV

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse, and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would ensew.

XXXVI

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for maystery of might.
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight:
Which as it still encreast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

XXXVII

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
As they had potshares bene; for nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them stood,
Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

XXXVIII

At length it chaunst, that both their hands on hie
At once did heave, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight:
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
And nimbler-handed then his enemie,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie.

XXXIX

And ere he could recover foote againe,
He following that faire advantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling cast;
And leaping to him light, would have unlast
His Helme, to make unto his vengeance way.
Who seeing, in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out, Ah mercie Sir, doe me not slay,
But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

XL

With that his mortall hand awhile he stayd,
And having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,
But put away proud looke, and usage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yearne.

XLI

For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse:
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learnd himselfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle, and full of ficklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

XLII

Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have ?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew.
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save ;
With these conditions, which I will propound :
First, that ye better shall yourselfe behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground ;
Next that ye Ladies ayde in every stead and stound.

XLIII

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere.
So suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere,
Withouten dowre or composition ;
But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He up arose, however liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana, which all this beheld ;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir Calidore upcheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he Crudor had compeld.

XLV

Whereof she now more glad than sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herselfe she did project;
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
With all due thankes, and dutifull respect,
Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

XLVI

So all returning to the Castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

XLVII

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee, for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

CANTO II

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight,
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
His state and present plight.

I

WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie, whom a knight should love,
As Curtesie, to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree, as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above,
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse, for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine.
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with paine.

III

That well in courteous Calidore appeares,
Whose everie deed and word, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight, that did on horsebacke ryde.

IV

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw,
Standing alone on foote, in foule array:
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

V

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarse did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

VI

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe borespeare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

VII

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed,
At length bespake; What meanes this, gentle swaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold itselfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?
Certes, (said he) loth were I to have broken
The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather than let myselfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

VIII

For not I him as this his Ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me first, through pride and puissance strong
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.
Perdie great blame, (then said Sir Calidore)
For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore.

IX

That shall I sooth, (said he) to you declare.
I whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest, and wyld wooddie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes slaine,
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.

X

The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his Ladie, (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horse side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame.
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenso she lagged, as shee needs mote so,
He with his speare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

XI

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,
Tooke in foule scorne, that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a chyld pertaine.

XII

Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
Which I enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite, and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

XIII

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire.

XIV

Of all which, whenas she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore; Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did himselfe to save:
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse shame,
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

XV

But sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you Ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread,
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?
Certes Sir knight (sayd she) full loth I were
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead:
But since it me concernes, myselfe to clere,
I will the truth discover, as it chaunst whylere.

XVI

This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes:
Faire was the Ladie sure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

XVII

Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share:
Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but whenas I was loth,
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand down from his steed me throw'th,
And with presumptuous powre against that knight streight go'th.

XVIII

Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For Ladies service and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his love, or else to fight.
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynst all that it gainesayd.

XIX

Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe, it booted not.

XX

Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw,
Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drove
And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, whereso he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

XXI

But whenas her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chauff, he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long:
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

XXII

Then as it were t'avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,
In vaine complayning, to be so abused.
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

XXIII

So passed we, till this young man us met,
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight,
Spake, as was meete, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.
Now sure, (then said Sir Calidore) and right
Meseemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.

XXIV

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
He praysd it much, and much admyred it;
That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good.

XXV

Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes reparye,
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne,
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne,
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
Or surely borne of some Heroicke sead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodlyhead.

XXVI

But should it not displease thee it to tell;
(Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie Gods to dwell,)
I would thyselfe require thee to reveale,
For deare affection and unfayned zeale,
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale.
For since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare.

XXVII

To whom then thus the noble youth; May be,
Sir knight, that by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, however thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And lost the crowne, which should my head by right adorne.

XXVIII

And Tristram is my name, the onely heire
Of good king Meliogras which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.
After whose death, his brother seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

XXIX

The widow Queene my mother, which then hight,
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed;
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein land, whereas no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

XXX

So taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd, to send me quight
Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me streight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

XXXI

All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes, and such like seemly leres.
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene;
Of which none is to me unknowne, that ev'r was seene.

XXXII

Ne is there hauke, which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray, and all her diet know.
Such be our joyes, which in these forrests grow.
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong joynts to imploy.

XXXIII

Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes, which I have won in fight.

XXXIV

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now, then earst he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; Faire chyld, the high desire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

XXXV

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew,
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small,
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode displayes his smyling hew.

XXXVI

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd, that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part.
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight.

XXXVII

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest,
I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde,
Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

XXXVIII

But since this Ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her from daunger of dismay;
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble ympe of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say.
So taking courteous leave, they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

XXXIX

But Tristram then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall, shyning like Sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes.
And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight,
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

XL

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore;
Who ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde.

XLI

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew,
With heavie eyne, from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

XLII

Then speaking to the Ladie, thus he sayd ;
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight unarm'd, with so unknightly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight.
The Ladie hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sight.

XLIII

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight
(Whom Tristram slew) them in that shadow found
Joying together in unblam'd delight,
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound :
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waves, row'd in a sommer barge.

XLV

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes, which she described had,
That this was he, whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to yourselfe he wrought, and to your loved knight.

XLVI

Therefore faire Lady lay aside this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart,
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this your lovers smart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convay to be recur'd. She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love; and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

XLVII

Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convay him to some place.
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd, he thus bespake;
Faire Lady let it not you seeme disgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

XLVIII

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

CANTO III

Calidore brings Priscilla home,
Pursues the Blatant Beast;
Saves Serena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.

I

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne.
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For seldome seene a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew, with curteous manners met.

II

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Castle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

III

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares.
But now weake age had dimd his candlelight.
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline.
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,
And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes Aladine.

IV

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a Beare,
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; Ah, sory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me, is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

V

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come unto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort, which we should embrace:
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

VI

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare :
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare ;
But that faire lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought,
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought.

VII

For she was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere ; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne,
And of lesse livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches scorne.

VIII

So having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade ;
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd, and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame, and further gan devize,
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize.

IX

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of rest,
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest,
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

X

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound, which mortally attacht him.

XI

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deepely sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

XII

Which she perceiving, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,
How to save whole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpes were past.

XIII

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull trust:
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing just.
Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darknesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day,
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

XIV

But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

XV

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold;
That Calidore it nearly deepe did move.
In th' end his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

XVI

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she herselfe had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite.
So as they past together on their way,
He gan devize this counter-cast of slight,
To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.

XVII

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went,
The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by just avengement
Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,
Most pensive man, through feare, what of his childe became

XVIII

There he arriving boldly, did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft,
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witness thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

XIX

Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,
And hear th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did himselfe apply.

XX

So as he was pursuing of his quest
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight;
For that himselfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight.
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight.
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

XXII

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure;
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

XXIII

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

XXIV

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware,
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud in vaine, to shew her sad misfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde,
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

XXV

The Beast with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

XXVII

And now by this Sir Calepine (so hight)
Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with griesly wound.
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound,
Uprear'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

XXVIII

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint spright he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality.
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

XXIX

Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde,
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde.

XXX

But comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was:
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas.
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord to ride.

XXXI

Whom Calepine saluting (as became)
Besought of courtesie in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame
Through that same perillous foord with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed,
To whom that other did this taunt returne.
Perdy thou peasant Knight, mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

XXXII

But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne.
With which rude speach his Lady much displeased,
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him have eased,
For pitty of his Dame, whom she saw so diseased.

XXXIII

Sir Calepine her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight;
And strongly wading through the waves unused,
With speare in th' one hand, stayd himselfe upright,
With th' other staide his Lady up with steddy might.

XXXIV

And all the while, that same discourteous Knight,
Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell.

XXXV

Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name
And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake;
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake
And for thine owne defence on foote alight,
To justifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

XXXVI

The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

XXXVIII

But the rude Porter that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad.
Nathelesse the Knight now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX

Full loth am I (quoth he) as now at earst,
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost:
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

XL

His name, (quoth he) if that thou list to learne,
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and sterne
In all assaies to every errant Knight,
Because of one, that wrought him fowle despight.
Ill seemes (sayd he) if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
For seldome yet did living creature see,
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI

But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That house-rome craves, yet would be loth t' assay
The proofe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell withall, the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne.

XLII

The groome went streightway in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the message, which that Knight did move;
Who sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

XLIII

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame.
Which answer when the groome returning, brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee:
But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

XLIV

But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
He saw, the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safeguard keepe.

XLV

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread, and hope of living light,
Upreard her head to see that cheareful sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make their lenger stay, forth on his journey goth.

XLVI

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still herselfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy,
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde,
Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man, that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde, and shamed yesterday:
Therefore misdoubting, least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand, t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do, but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be overrun.

XLIX

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will.
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his Ladies back, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde.

L

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He overraught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LI

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still, for all his Ladies cry,
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously:
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought:
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is,
And whylest an Infant from a Beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

I

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold.
Such was the state of this most courteous knight
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright.

II

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
To understand what there was to be donne.
There he this most discourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III

The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

IV

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite,
But naked without needfull vestiments,
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

V

He stayed not t' advize, which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepard,
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard,
That forst him backe recoyle, and reele areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare, that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay.
The salvage nation doth all dread despize:
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

VII

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine:
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe.
Who having now no use of his long speare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

VIII

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight,
Who ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX

But when the Salvage saw his labour vaine,
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple, nere their utmost cast.
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound.

X

For though she were right glad, so rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended,
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill, by this salvage man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore:
Therefore herselfe she wholy recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure, and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

XII

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood,
And running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood:
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

XIII

Then taking up that Recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare:
To which he easily did then perswade.
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade;
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarse wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights abode.

XIV

Whether he brought these unacquainted guests;
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests.
But the bare ground, with hoarie mosse bestrowed,
Must be their bed, their pillow was unsowed,
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast:
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first behеast.

XV

Yet howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That, having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

XVI

During which time, that wyld man did apply
His best endevour, and his daily paine,
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine
When ought he did that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

XVII

Now whenas Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore,
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinckled all with gore.

XVIII

The litle babe did loudly scrike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste,
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

XIX

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needful speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For having long time, as his deadly weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

XX

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he overtooke, and forst to stay,
And without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray,
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him, and to devoure his corse.

XXI

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

XXII

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
And then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine, [straine.
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to

XXIII

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
The little babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every little limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweathbands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

XXIV

So having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe:
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine,
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

XXV

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.
So up and downe he wandred many a mile,
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end;
And evermore his lovely little spoile
Crying for food, did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

XXVI

At last about the setting of the Sunne,
Himselfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where looking all about, where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some womankynd,
Which to herselfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

XXVII

To whom approaching, when as she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deçeived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd.
Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her said:
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

XXVIII

To whom she thus, What need me, Sir, to tell
That which yourself have earst ared so right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight.
Nathlesse, (quoth he) if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright:
Oftimes it haps, that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd.

XXIX

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt;
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

XXX

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to these happie fortunes, cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All this our joyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to overflow.

XXXI

For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after ourselves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our lives end.

XXXII

But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that feend should be fordonne.

XXXIII

Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant should with brave emprize
Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despize
The good Sir Bruin, growing farre in years;
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo this my cause of griefe to you appeares; [teares.
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse

XXXIV

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe,
And when he had devized of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.
And having cheared her, thus said; Faire Dame,
In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

XXXV

If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children, to supply your place,
Lo how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
Or noursle up in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

XXXVI

And certes it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have raysed beene,
As their victorious deedes have often showen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were sowen
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high t' all honorable hap.

XXXVII

The Ladie hearkning to his sensefull speach;
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,
Having oft seene it tryde, as he did teach.
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and seisin,
And having over it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

XXXVIII

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought;
Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne
And did right noble deedes, the which elswhere are showne.

XXXIX

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,
Albe that Dame by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes, and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a frend.

XL

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground, maugre himselfe he threw,
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

CANTO V

The salvage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthure fynd,
Who her together with his Squyre
With th' Hermit leaves behynd.

I

O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity,
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt.
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man, being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

II

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood,
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame.
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

III

Who when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd:
And leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde,
To seeke, if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde:
He sought him farre and neare, yet him nowhere he spyde.

IV

Tho backe returning to that sorie Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament.
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe torment.

V

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life.
There she long groveling, and deepe groning lay
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay,
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

VI

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought by all the meanes that he could best
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

VII

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
His steede now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

VIII

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himselfe unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare.
But without sword upon his thigh to sit:
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

IX

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A salvage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchaced aright.
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident:
Which to redresse, she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome; which he by signes did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

XI

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo where a knight together with his squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

XII

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did stande again assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with unjust detraction him did beard;
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

XIII

But of them all, which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight.
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second not so strong but wise, Decetto;
The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, Defetto.

XIV

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And several deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound;
Where singled forces faile, conjoynd may gaine.
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found,
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

XV

Upon a day as they the time did waite
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite,
To draw him from his deare beloved dame,
Unwares into the daunger of defame.
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame,
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

XVI

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth jeopardy;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

XVII

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight; [drew,
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him
To weary him the more, and waste his spight,
So that he now had almost spent his spright.
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight,
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from piercing thorough quite.
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his backe for best safegard,
He lent against a tree, that backeward onset bard.

XIX

Like a wylde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder,
So did that Squire his foes disperse, and drive asonder.

XX

Him well behoved so; for his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose.
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde:
So did Decetto eke him circumvent,
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde,
Did front him, face to face against him bent,
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

XXI

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
Whenas unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

XXII

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approching nye,
Who seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, himself did faster hye,
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty so to see him overset.
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,
The covert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

XXIII

Then, turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire,
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what world's despight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft? [weft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene

XXIV

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne :
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine.
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound :
But he it seeing, lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

XXVI

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline ;
Whence soone upstarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine,
Who it perceiving, hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his avengement stayd.

XXVII

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine:
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand,
What and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand,
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

XXVIII

To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame that live this day on ground,
Who both in minde, the which most grieveth me,
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery stound.
I was erewhile, the love of Calepine,
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

XXIX

In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept, and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderful to fynd
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mynd.

XXX

Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake.
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

XXXI

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede.
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

XXXII

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some ease
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe,
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease,
By all the courteous meanes he could invent,
Somewhile with merry purpose fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

XXXIII

Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foule discourt'sies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts,
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade, all that she might;
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

XXXIV

Wherewith the Prince sore moved, there avoud,
That, soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shameful Knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To passe the tedious travell of the way;
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

XXXV

And nigh thereto a little Chappel stoode,
Which being all with Yvy overspred
Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor how.

XXXVI

They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas.
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace,
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd, that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene.

XXXVII

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disavow,
And hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incombrance did himselfe assoyle.

XXXVIII

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseene.
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

XXXIX

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd, them rested faine.
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
Had given them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore increast.

XL

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painfull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame: [were lame.
Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feete

XLI

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage, that whyleare
Seeing his royal usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere,
Would needes depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

CANTO VI

The Hermite heales both Squire and Dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
For his late villanies.

I

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

II

Such were the wounds, the which that Blatant Beast
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being such, were now much more increast,
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became.
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely drest.

III

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.

IV

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke himselfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

V

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privily,
And ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

VI

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as say the same,
And thus he to them sayd; Faire daughter Dame,
And you faire sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor, since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie.

VII

For in yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie,
To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one.
First learne your outward senses to refraine
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

VIII

For from those outward sences ill affected,
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppresst with little thing:
But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
In th' inner parts, and lastly scattering
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

IX

For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron, ranckling sore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought;
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

X

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearfull uglinesse.

XI

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,
In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie,
And from the earth, appointed have her place,
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age.
There did Typhaon with her company;
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes asswage.

XII

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blatant Beast;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame;
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

XIII

In vaine therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline,
Then outward salves, that may augment it more.
Aye me (sayd then Serena sighing sore),
What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore?
But sith we need good counsell (sayd the swaine),
Aread good sire, some counsell, that may us sustaine.

XIV

The best (sayd he) that I can you advize,
Is to avoide th' occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill;
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight.

XV

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave.

XVI

But each the other vow'd t' accompany,
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity,
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

XVIII

The Prince, according to former token,
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight, in mind to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

XIX

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall:
Where soft lismounting like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whyles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

XX

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked, what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

XXI

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights, which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

XXII

Which when the Salvage comming now in place,
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

XXIII

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell,
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

XXIV

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evill tidings to their Lord to shew.
Who hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast: where whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And salvage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reproachfull words him thus bespake on hight.

XXV

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile,
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that himselfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,
He wist not to which side him to addresse.
And evermore that craven cowherd Knight,
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

XXVII

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement;
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

XXVIII

Who when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde.
But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,
But joyning close, huge lode at him did lay:
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX

But when his foe he still so eger saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake,
Whereso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every joynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace;
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

XXX

At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

XXXI

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright
She starting up, began to shrieke aloud,
And with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd;
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

XXXII

Her weed she then withdrawing, did him discover;
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his baseness did despize,
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former fear.

XXXIII

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytive so unworthie art;
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

XXXIV

Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare.
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst, thou dost of arms despoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare:
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

XXXV

And lastly in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,
Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have, through prowesse and their brave emprize,
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right.

XXXVI

Yet since thy life unto this Ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne;
Ne ever armes, ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe: for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne;
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive.
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII

There whilest he thus was settling things above,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him, in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight,
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequal fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste, he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest, that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

XXXIX

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:
Who them perceiving, streight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

XL

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage, he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

XLI

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best.
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest,
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous [skill.

XLII

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed, she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to choke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears but water.

XLIII

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;
Or learnd the art to please, I doe not fynd.
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands peace:
Who nathelesse, not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse.

XLIV

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.

CANTO VII

Turpine is baffuld, his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed,
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For loves disdaine decreed.

I

LIKE as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes,
In cancred malice and revengefull spight.
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To work by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

II

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan devize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in haste he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

III

Well did he tract his steps, as he ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

IV

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe, which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a strange knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge, in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtain of him a goodly meed.

V

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight;
And eke desirous of the offred meed,
Said then the one of them: Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?

VI

He rides (said Turpine) there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,
That if ye list to haste a little more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde:
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that little while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his love, more then of daunger drad.

VII

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe, False traytour knight,
Foule woman-wronger; for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th' one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright,
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

VIII

But th' other ayming better, did him smite,
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about, fell on the flowre:
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
That the cold steel through piercing, did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

IX

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senseless thing,
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

X

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismal sight;
Yet nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight:
But the steele-head no steadfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

XI

Not so the Prince: for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

XII

The fearefull swayne beholding death so nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercie him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie,
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he, There is a straunger knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.

XIII

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
And sayd; Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed,
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this mischiefe breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke [seeke.
He would surceasse, but him, whereso he were, would

XIV

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
Backe to the place, where Turpine late he lore;
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
And griesly wounds that him appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said; How now, Sir knight?
What meaneth this, which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight?

XV

Perdie, (said he) in evill houre it fell.
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske, as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake.
Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have, that life so dearely did redeeme.

XVI

But where then is, (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
He lyes (said he) upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound.

XVII

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
So as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, wheras in evill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

XVIII

Much did the Craven seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
And him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe, that luld him soft in swound.

XIX

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,
Wus wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best,
The whiles his Lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the Evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

XX

Whom whenas Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well, that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat much griev'd against that straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

XXI

But that same Knight would not once let him start,
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe, and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, whereso he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

XXII

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And softly whispering him, entyrely prayd
T' advize him better, then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

XXIII

Nathelesse for all his speach, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

XXIV

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
To weet great store of forrest frute, which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternly shooke,
That like an hazell wand, it quivered and quooke.

XXV

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up, and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard deaded with affright,
Fell flat to the ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

XXVI

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

XXVII

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
However they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

XXVIII

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

XXIX

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all, that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere,
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

XXX

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
That such proud looks would make her praysed more;
And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

XXXI

Through such her stubborne stifnesse, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedie,
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye,
She could or save, or spill, whom she would hight.
What could the Gods do more, but doe it more aright?

XXXII

But loe the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may make report.

XXXIII

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

XXXIV

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld streight,
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd.
To whom foule Infamie, and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

XXXV

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure, wil'd a Capias
Should issue forth, t'attach that scornefull lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call;
He which doth summon lovers to loves judgment hall.

XXXVI

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre, whereas she was arrayned:
But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought
Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned.
So judgment past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like, which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
Gen stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

XXXVII

The sonne of Venus who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt by peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wylde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

XXXVIII

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space,
Saved but two, yet in two yeares before,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me, how could her love make half amends therefore.

XXXIX

And now she was uppon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evill termes and cruell meane,
That he could make; And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her daintie selfe, and much augment her doole.

XL

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other, better her to use:
For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse.
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse;
Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

XLI

For he was sterne, and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstruous.
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the heaven in order battailous,
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, whenas Unas Knight he did maintaine.

XLII

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately like a Crane, did stryde,
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie,
And all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about, and stared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

XLIII

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a Iacket quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore;
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV

This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Compelling her, where she would not by force
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines.
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and still when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

XLV

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse;
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

XLVI

The villaine wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton, which he bore,
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather than once his burden to sustaine:
For bootlesse thing him seemed, to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

XLVII

Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advauntage get;
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore,
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

XLVIII

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt (that slip he dearely rewd),
And with his yron club to ground him strooke ;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho when he up did looke
And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bynd ;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd :
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes : [growes.
Wordes sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning

L

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought,
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought,
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought ;
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further say.

CANTO VIII

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine,
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I

YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternal dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

II

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate.
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

III

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify;
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

IV

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Having subdew'd, yet did to life restore,)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

V

The Squire himselfe whenas he saw his Lord,
The witnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all:
Shame would be hid. But whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall.

VI

And to the Prince thus sayd; See you Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and revile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

VII

The Prince assented, and then he streightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to say;
Abide ye caytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treason thralled unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

VIII

The villaine stayd not aunswere to invent,
But, with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:
No more then lightening from the lofty sky.
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny.

IX

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved himselfe, but that he there him slew:
Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory.
Who therewith flesht, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke, thought certainely
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

X

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
For as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe,
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

XI

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him, and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way.
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

XII

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
And buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle, to save his friend from jeopardy.

XIII

The villaine leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd, and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas.
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage, when they downe did light.
At last the caytive after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

XV

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.
For ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee, that never yet was bent.

XVI

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow,
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt,
Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his hurt.

XVII

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
And least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept.
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for love of God abstaine,
From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:
For more on him doth then himselfe depend;
My life will by his death have lamentable end.

XVIII

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
But still suppressing gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itselfe redresse, and punish such despights.

XIX

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames, awhile she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
Nor heavens, nor men can me most wretched mayd
Deliver from the doome of my desart,
The which the God of love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

XX

In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre,
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight,
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sued and sought with all the service dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning out on me that would not on them rew.

XXI

But let them love that list, or live or die;
Me list not die for any lovers doole:
Ne list me leave my loved libertie,
To pitty him that list to play the foole:
To love myself I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

XXII

For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Causde me be called to accompt therefore,
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay.

XXIII

Certes (sayd then the Prince), the God is just,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile.
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

XXIV

Here in this bottle (sayd the sory Mayd)
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in, fals out anon;
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn.

XXV

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids judg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake himselfe on them, that him despise.
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
By meanes his leg through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

XXVI

But being up, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

XXVII

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne, or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to have unwound.
But when approaching neare, he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

XXVIII

Meanewhile the Salvage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight,
And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth, that the bloud downe followeth.

XXIX

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping, him have done to dye:
But being checkt, he did abstaine streightway,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
Now Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list have liberty, ye may,
Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines lose.

XXX

Ah nay, Sir Knight (said she) it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill ;
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leave, she turnd aside,
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

XXXI

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena, who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd :
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble, which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

XXXII

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,
And sitting downe, herselfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine ;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke complaine.

XXXIII

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine:
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight.
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her sake,
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

XXXIV

Tho whenas all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest
Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd;
Where being tyrde with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest.
There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought, that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray,
Unto a strange mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

XXXV

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themselves to any trade, as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive;
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

XXXVI

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wynde.
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde.
They towards evening wandring every way,
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

XXXVII

Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselves; but when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devize what course to take:
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

XXXVIII

The best advizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For sleepe they sayd would make her battill better.
Then when she wakt, they all gave one consent,
That since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their God they would her sacrifize,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present,
But of her dainty flesh they did devize
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

XXXIX

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space.
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare:
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

XL

The Damzell wakes, then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheeks: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

XLI

But all bootes not: they hands upon her lay;
And first they spoile her of her jewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes.

XLII

Her yvorie necke, her alablaster breste,
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,
For love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere
Which like an Altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel won.

XLIII

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their crafty spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize,
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.
But them the Priest rebuking, did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure,
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even theeves in measure.

XLIV

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand obtayned.

XLV

Tho whenas all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright.
To whom the priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which doen he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill,
And shrieke aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did rejoyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyles,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And catching up his armes streight to the noise forth past.

XLVIII

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a little dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyled of all attire
He spyde, lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire;
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

XLIX

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing, layes on earth along,
And sacrifizeth to th' infernall feends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons vew.

L

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind;
He first her hands beginneth to unbind;
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind.
But she for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him a whit thereto.

LI

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her disgrace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she stood.
So all that night to him unknowen she past:
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.

CANTO IX

Calidore hostes with Melibœ,
And loves fayre Pastorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill, rewards him well.

I

Now turne againe my teme thou jolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past, that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidores immortall name.

II

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant beast, which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past, [plaines,
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and through
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III

So sharply he the Monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe but natures dew,
For dread of daunger, not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes he scorsed.

IV

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweet love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

V

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And then to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

VI

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke, to quenche his thirstie heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

VII

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

VIII

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses, and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

IX

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

XI

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

XII

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

XIII

By this the moystie night approching fast,
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

XIV

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of herselfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella, home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

XVI

But Melibœe (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge, then in the salvage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wish, and home with him did go.

XVII

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell.
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde,
And supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life,
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

XIX

How much, (sayd he) more happie is the state,
In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease,
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.

XX

Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That having small, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe myselfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed,
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI

Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore;
They that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have, growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty, that doth send it?

XXII

To them, that list, the worlds gay showes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve,
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

XXIII

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convay;
Another while I baytes and nets display,
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle:
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade, to rest from toyle, [boyle.
And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throte dot

XXIV

The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe, and shepheards base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leaving home, to roiall court I sought;
Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought.

XXV

With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

XXVI

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe-entraunced grew.

XXVII

Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; Now surely syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges dread.

XXVIII

That even I which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great, mongst whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And wish th' heavens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place, unto this low degree.

XXIX

In vaine (said then old Melibœ) doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse,
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
For not that, which men covet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

XXX

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise.
For wisedome is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize.

XXXI

Since then in each mans self (said Calidore)
It is, to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awhyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine,
That whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with yourselfe some small repose obtaine.

XXXII

Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Besides for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake; Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread.
But if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life, that shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to yourselfe aread.

XXXIV

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

XXXV

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quient usage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
But being bred under base shepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes she did them all despize.

XXXVI

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steelehead speare, a shepheards hooke,
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke: love so much could.

XXXVIII

Which seeing, Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest, ere it ripened were,
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more dere.

XXXIX

And ever, when he came in companie,
Where Calidore was present, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jarre.

XL

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrowes, stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels, in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best.
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This newcome shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

XLI

One day, whenas the shepheard swaynes together
Were met, to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee;
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit.
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

XLII

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon, and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace:
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead.

XLIII

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games, and maisteries to try,
They for their Judge did Pastorella chose;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There Coridon forth stepping openly,
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game:
For he through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same [shame
Thought sure t'avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great

XLIV

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake,
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore, as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

XLV

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

XLVI

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time,
To pinne the love of the faire Pastorell;
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did well,
Was favoured and to her grace commended.
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X

Calidore sees the Graces daunce,
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led,
Into captivity.

I

WHO now does follow the foule Blatant beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow and high beheast,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieved [grieved.
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore en-

II

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine:
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report,
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies on the port.

III

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to stoupe unto so low;
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures, which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

IV

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight, which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew.
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

V

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by natures skill
Deviz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

VI

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powre.

VII

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

VIII

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight,
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount Acidale.

IX

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

X

Unto this place whenas the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

XI

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himselfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

XII

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the middest of those same three, was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

XIII

Looke how the Crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead that same day,
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes, which did them dismay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

XIV

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her beseeme. And ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

XV

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

XVI

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheards lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout,
That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place,
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

XVII

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene,
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving, what it was, to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

XVIII

But soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne.
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight,
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

XIX

And first him greeting, thus unto him spake,
Haile, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy lovely layes;
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?
Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see:
But why when I them saw, fled they away from me?

XX

Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine,
As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
For being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselves list so to grace.
Right sory I, (saide then Sir Calidore,)
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieves so sore.

XXI

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoe'er thou bee,
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces, which on her depend;
Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend:
But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend.

XXII

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastful glee,
Of Thetis wedding with Aecidee,
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth do cherry.

XXIII

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well favoured show,
As comely carriage, entertainment kinde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes, which skill men call Civility.

XXIV

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from covert malice free:
And eeke themselves so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd herselfe afore;
That good should from us goe, then come in greater store.

XXV

Such were those Goddesses, which ye did see;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread, what creature meete she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced?
But whatso sure she was, she worthy was,
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

XXVI

So farre as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So farre doth she in beautyfull array,
Above all other lasses beare the bell,
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well,
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
For which the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII

Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII

Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty,
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes,
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age of her this mention may be made.

XXIX

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore: Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from thee:
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

XXX

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason red;
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wisht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling share.

XXXI

But that envenimd sting, the which of yore
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart:
Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest, had bred his restlesse paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the maine.

XXXII

So taking leave of that same gentle swaine,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
To whome in sort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull service voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

XXXIII

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with jealousie did frize.

XXXIV

One day as they all three together went
To the greene wood, to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

XXXV

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in hast
To reskue her, but when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend.
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde
He ran at him enraged instead of being frayde.

XXXVI

He had no weapon, but his shepheards hooke,
To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will,
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thankt, that had her death prevented.

XXXVII

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reject,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But usde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship, he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

XXXVIII

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in close felicity:
Till fortune fraught with malice, blinde, and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

XXXIX

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never usde to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder;
And drove away their flocks, with other much disorder.

XL

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away,
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight.
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

XLI

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convay.
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras.

XLII

For underneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight, and covered over:
But darknesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with .continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

XLIII

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning, so soone, as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them, for no small reward,
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought herself in hell, [dwell.
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse

XLIV

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre, that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade.
But what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI

The theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I

THE joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven, then mortall wretchednesse.
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

II

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song,
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That whoso heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

III

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he, which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournefull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

IV

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray, which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love, by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

V

But all that ever he could doe or say,
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour, or afford him love.
Yet ceast he not to sew and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

VI

At last when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

VII

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her joyance should obtaine.
But when she saw, through that small favours gaine,
That further, then she willing was, he prest,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse, which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

VIII

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy.
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her sickenesse was not of the body but the mynde.

IX

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this Isle, though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same theeves at the instant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

X

To whom they shewed, how those marchants were
Arriv'd in place, their bondslaves for to buy,
And therefore pray'd that those same captives there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet coūld he not their just demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

XI

Then forth the good old Melibœ was brought,
And Coridon, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught:
All which he to the marchants sale did showe.
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t' augment her price, through praise of comli-
[nesse.

XII

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe, which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to have one silly lasse:
Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandise to passe.
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she was.

XIII

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night,
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

XIV

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, however prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still, his love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

XV

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeves
Boldly him bad such injurie forbeare;
For that same mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,
That whoso hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

XVI

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke:
Who the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge havocke, whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched, leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

XVII

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare.
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants there.

XVIII

But first of all, their captives they doe kill,
Least they should joyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will;
Old Meliboe is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide,
But Coridon escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take, before his friends doe dye.

XIX

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the captaine all this while defended,
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound [swound.
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie

XX

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
Tho whenas he was dead, the fray gan ceasse,
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

XXI

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild:
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright,
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

XXII

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they busily applyde,
To call the soule backe to her home againe:
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last.
Who sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene, and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

XXIII

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that having saved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wounds in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those Brigants her did keepe.

XXIV

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore, where we him found.

XXV

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his love reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
That even his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare,
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

XXVI

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods; but no man could see there,
He sought the plaines; but could no tidings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare:
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

XXVII

At last as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive by signes, which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

XXVIII

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
Where Pastorell? Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And up to heaven his eyes fast streming threw.
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, What ment that rufull hew:
Where was his Pastorell? Where all the other crew?

XXIX

Ah well away (sayd he then sighing sore)
That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye.
Die? out alas, then Calidore did cry:
How could the death dare ever her to quell?
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.

XXX

Tho when the shepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began: Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence?
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence?
Or how those theeves, whilest one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

XXXI

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent;
Old Melibœ and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
But when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her death forstall.

XXXII

But what could be gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot; needs mote she die at last:
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those joyes and jollyhead,
Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont to lead.

XXXIII

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there,
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

XXXIV

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast,
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake.

XXXV

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne.
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

XXXVI

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes: but Calidore
Had underneath, him armed privily.
Tho to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

XXXVII

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The self-same flocks, the which those theeves had reft
From Melibœ and from themselves whyleare,
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept.
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But when he saw the theeves, which did them keepe
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

XXXVIII

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare: for nought may feare disswade;
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Laying sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them, gave them the time of day.

XXXIX

Tho sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine.
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre elsewhere.

XL

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well, if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themselves were evill groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe:
For they for better hyre did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

XLI

Tho whenas towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought,
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd, but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had most possest.

XLII

At length when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best,
Having of late by diligent inquest,
Provided him a sword of meanest sort:
With which he streight went to the Captaines nest.
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

XLIII

When to the Cave they came, they found it fast:
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast.
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold knight
Encountering him with small resistance slew;
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

XLIV

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes, that earst feared to be lost.

XLV

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never joyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele that long for death had sought;
Ne lesse in hart rejoyced Calidore,
When he her found, but like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

XLVI

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and cry was raysed all about;
And all the Brigants flocking in great store,
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entered in a rout.
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost, that came first to hand,
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:
Which when he spyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th' open light:
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLVIII

How many flyes in whottest sommers day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth wide.

XLIX

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came, did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victorie to him envide.

L

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speaches, and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes, from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So her uneath at last he did revive,
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

LI

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore.
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

CANTO XII

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I

LIKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herselfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

II

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight, from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest,
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant beast;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

III

Sir Calidore when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre
A lustie knight, as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were.

IV

Her name was Claribell, whose father hight
The Lord of Many Ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might.
He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere,
But she whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.

V

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased,
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few.
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage, that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI

Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe unwist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought:
Which she streightway, for dread least if her syre
Should know thereof, to slay he would have sought,
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

VII

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight.
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest like christall bright,
She mote perceive a little purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case,
But closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a little space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

IX

At length a Shepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
And seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up, and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named evermore.

X

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands, till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all.
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

XI

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field. Als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Untill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

XII

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared least reproachfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

XIII

Therefore resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell, whylest he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

XIV

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV

Who in a Morning, when this Mayden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

XVI

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd, that this faire Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd.
So full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the heavens had her graste,
To save her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaste.

XVII

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not, what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was, that mov'd her so.
My liefe (sayd she) ye know, that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did save.

XVIII

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
Most certaine markes, (sayd she) do me it teach,
For on her breast I with these eyes did vew
The little purple rose, which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth live.

XIX

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily for great desire,
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
So long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?

XX

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes,
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho wondring long at those so straunge events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

XXI

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead, she fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mothers joy descrive:
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
For passing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

XXII

Thence ~~running forth unto her loved Lord,~~
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore, who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the tract of his outragious spoile.

XXIII

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and might.

XXIV

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there;
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

XXV

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there.
But seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing, soone approached neare.

XXVI

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim.

XXVII

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality,
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry.
And some of Beares, that groynd continually,
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren,
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

XXVIII

And them amongst were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poyson, and gore bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

XXIX

But Calidore thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloody jawes.
Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes.

XXX

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held,
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

XXXI

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himself upright.
For still the more he strove, the more the Knight
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight.
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew.

XXXII

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

XXXIII

Tho when the Beast saw he mote nought availe,
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to revile and raile,
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly, that he chokt him neare.

XXXIV

At last whenas he found his force to shrincke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong:
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his own despight.

XXXV

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day-light doth shonne.
So led this Knight his captyve with like conquest wonne.

XXXVI

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe; nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mightie hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

XXXVII

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people whereso he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
And seeing it, much wonder'd at the sight;
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the Knight.

XXXVIII

Thus was this Monster by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore, suppresst and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, whether wicked fate so framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought
To mortall men, than he had done before;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

XL

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But rends without regard of person or of time.

XLI

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More than my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you my rimes keep better measure,
And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens threasure.

GLOSSARY

Adj. = adjective.
Adv. = adverb.
Arg. = { Argument at head of Canto.
Int. = Introductory stanzas.
Pret. Pt. = Preterite.
Pp. = Past participle.
sb. = substantive.
vb. = verb.

BOOKS QUOTED

Cent. Dict. = Whitney's "Century Dictionary."
Child, Spenser's Works.
Collier, Spenser's Works.
Malory, Morte Darthur.
N.E.D. = New English Dictionary.
Todd, Spenser's Works.
Upton, Spenser's Faerie Queene.
Warton, "Observations on the Faery Queene."

N.B.—All "Notes," save textual ones, which will be found at the end, are, for the sake of convenience, included in this Glossary.

Abet, abett, support, uphold, i. 28; v. 22.

Abrode, abroad, current in the world, iii. 22; out of doors, in the open air, v. 17.

Aby, pay for, suffer for, i. 28; vi. 21; xi. 15; endure (confused with **abide,** with which, in one of its senses, it is here identical), ii. 19; iii. 44. *See* N.E.D., **abide** and **abye.**

Abyde, to stop, refrain, ix. 17.

Accoasting, keeping close to (the earth), ii. 32.

Accompt, account, viii. 22.

Accompted, accounted, ix. 14.

Acidale, Acidalus or Acidalius was the name of a well or brook frequented by Venus. "Mount Acidale" would seem to be some hill near this, probably invented by Spenser, since there seems to be no classical authority for it, x. 8.

Acquit, acquitted, ii. 24.

Acquite, acquit, vi. 17.

Addeem'd, adjudged, viii. 22.

Addresse, prepare, arrange, iii.

44; get ready, v. 8; (**addrest,** pt. and pp.), arrayed, clothed, ix. 36; procured, ix. 40.

Admyr'd, wondered at, xii. 37.

Adrad, terrified, afraid, v. 16.

Advize, reflect, iii. 8; iv. 5; bethink (him, *reflexive*), vii. 22; xii. 12.

Advizement, plan, resolution, viii. 38.

Æcidee, *i.e.*, Æacides, or Peleus; the passage refers to the marriage of Peleus, the son of Æacus, and Thetis, the daughter of Nereus, x. 22.

Affect, emotion, good feeling, affection, i. 45; v. 24.

Affy, affiance, betroth, espouse, iii. 17; (pp., **affyde**), iii. 49.

Afore, before, i. 10, 46, *et seq.*

Aggrate, please, gratify, x. 33.

Aglaia, one of the Graces. The number, names and parentage of the Graces are variously given in the classical writers. Spenser here mainly follows Hesiod's account, x. 22. *See* **Graces.**

Aglets, metal spangles or ornaments, ii. 5. (Cp. Book II. iii. 26.)

Agreeably, correspondingly, uniformly, vii. 3; xi. 36.

Aladine, the lover of Priscilla, iii. 3.

Albe, albeit, although, iii. 42; xi. 23.

Alcides, Hercules, xii. 32. *See* **Hydra.**

Aldus, the father of Aladine, iii. 3.

Algates, altogether, by any means, ix. 33.

All, although, vii. 23.

Alow, below, downwards, viii. 13.

Als, also, xii. 11.

Annoy, painfulness, trouble, iii. 4.

Anone, straightway, instantly, vi. 30.

Any. "Any his unlucky case" = "any ill fortune that may be his," iii. 5.

Apayd, pleased, ii. 18.

Appertaine, xi. 39. "As did appertaine" = in such a manner as appertained to their character as "heard groomes."

Approvance, giving proof or approval, "backing up," vi. 35.

Arayd, afflicted, put into such a plight, ii. 42.

Aread, explain, ii. 8, 15; tell, iii. 39; perceive, vii. 20; adjudge, take (to thyself), ix. 33; tell, divine, conjecture, x. 25; (**Ared,** pp.), iv. 28.

Areare, arreare, in the rear, behind, iv. 5; viii. 23.

Ariadne, the wife of Theseus. There are various stories concerning the giver of her crown. Some writers say it was Theseus (as here); some, Venus. It was Bacchus, however, who, after her death, placed it among the stars. But it was not at her wedding that the quarrel alluded to in the text arose,

but at that of Pirithous and Hippodamia, x. 13.

Array, order. "In seemly good array," "in faire array"= with befitting state and honour, iii. 9, 16.

Artegall, the Knight of Justice, and the hero of the Fifth Book of the *F. Queene*, i. 4.

Arthure, the great "Briton prince," in love with the Faerie Queene, and seeking for her. The allusion here is to his rescue of the Red Cross Knight from the castle of Orgoglio. (*See F. Q.*, Book I. c. viii.), vii. 41.

Assay (sb.), attempt, iii. 47; trial, v. 5; "doing his worst assay" =putting forth his worst (greatest) strength, vi. 21; (pl., **assaies**) combats, iii. 40; (**assayes**) trials, vi. 3.

Assay (vb.), attempt, iii. 41; v. 10; try, prove, vii. 47; viii. 8; set to action, xi. 36; (**assayd,** pret.), set to do (it), ii. 37.

Assayld, assailed, attacked, ii. 8.

Assoyle, set free, v. 37; viii. 6.

Attacht, attacked, iii. 10; vi. 4; arrested, vii. 35, 36.

Attend, await, expect, iv. 31.

Attendement, attending, waiting upon; his attendement=waiting or attending upon him, vi. 18.

Attent (pp.), intent, attentive, ix. 26.

Attent (sb.), attention, care, ix. 37.

Attonce, at once, immediately, i. 9; iii. 48; viii. 37; together, v. 18, *et seq.*

Atwene, atweene, between, in between, vi. 37; xii. 30.

Avale, stoop, bow down, viii. 25.

Avengement, vengeance, iii. 17; v. 26; vi. 27.

Avising, observing, xii. 16.

Avoud, avowed, v. 34.

Awooke, awoke, iii. 11.

Ayde, aid, i. 42.

Ayme, conjecture, calculation, iv. 24.

Aymed, calculated, planned, iii. 5.

Baffuld, publicly disgraced, degraded from knighthood, Arg. vii.; vii. 27.

Baies, bays, laurels, vi. 4.

Bale, sorrow, care, x. 8; (pl.) destruction, ruin, x. 3.

Balke (*lit.*, a ridge of land between two furrows), omission, exception, xi. 16.

Ban, curse, anathematize, ii. 21.

Band, bond, pledge, i. 31; bond, fetters, ix. 11 (pl.); i. 26; viii. 33; ix. 11; xii. 10.

Bannerall, the small flag or streamer attached to the lance of a knight, vii. 26.

Basenet, a small steel helmet, i. 31.

Bases. This is apparently an allusion to the game of "prisoner's base," "played by two sides, who occupy 'bases' or 'homes' near together. A player runs out from his home, and is

chased by one of the opposite side, and, if caught, is made a prisoner." The word "bases" is in this passage used generally for "racing" or "races," x. 8.

Bate, bait, attack, iv. 22.

Battailous, Batteilous, warlike, ready for battle, i. 2; ii. 33; vii. 41.

Battill, grow fat, viii. 38.

Batton, baton, club, vii. 46.

Bay, bow, bending. "(Making) many a bay"=often bending or lowering before the waves, xii. 1.

Bayt, bait, food, ix. 34.

Beare, bier, ii. 48.

Beare the bell, stand the first, hold the pre-eminence, a phrase originally referring to the bell worn by the leading cow or sheep of a drove or flock (cp. Bk. IV. v. 13), x. 26.

Became, had become, iii. 17.

Bed, perform (devotions), pray, v. 35.

Bedight, furnished, equipped, iii. 4; v. 7.

Before, in front, preceding. "God before"=God favouring them, xi. 36.

Begonne, began, iv. 2, *et seq.*

Beheast, behest, command, iv. 14; vi. 15, *et seq.*

Behight, delivered, gave, ii. 36; bid, command, ii. 39.

Belayd, set about with, ornamented, ii. 5.

Beldame, aged woman, ix. 17.

Belgard, Sir Bellamoure's castle, xii. 3.

Bellamoure, Pastorella's father, xii. 3.

Belphœbe, a virgin huntress, sister of Amoret. See Bks. II., III., IV.

Bents, grasses, iv. 4.

Beseeke, beseech, iii. 37.

Beseeme, become, suit, x. 14,

Beseeming, befitting, v. 36.

Beseene, (1) informed, versed, if the word refers to the hermit's knowledge of "courtesy"; or (2) provided, appointed, if it refers to the guests and their treatment, v. 36.

Bestad, pressed, put to it, i. 4; placed, treated, ii. 45.

Bet, beat (pt.), xii. 29.

Betake, entrust or deliver to, xi. 51.

Betyde, happened, v. 3.

Bewray, reveal, expose, discover, viii. 51; (**bewrayd**), iii. 1; iv. 27.

Blame, accusation; "faulty blame," = charge of wrong-doing," i. 24.

Blandina (=flattering, caressing, persuasive), the wife of the churlish knight Sir Turpine (q.v.), iii. 42.

Blatant *or* **Blattant Beast,** the monster by which Spenser symbolizes Public Opinion or Slander. It was Sir Calidore's quest to destroy it. It will be noticed that he and the hermit (cp. vi. 9) differ as to its pa-

rentage. The word Blatant (or Blattant) was probably invented by the poet. It has been suggested that he intended it as an archaic form of *bleating*. . . . The Latin *blatire*, to babble, may also be compared. (*See* N.E.D.). *See* also Book V. xii. 41, etc. Compare the Beast Glatisant or Questing Beast in Malory's "Mort Darthur," i. 7, *et pass.*

Blist, brandished about or around, viii. 13.

Bloosme, bloom, blossom (sb.), Int. 4; (vb.) viii. 20.

Blowen, blown, iv. 36.

Blunt, barren, bare, xi. 9.

Bond, bound, i. 16.

Borde (to make), to tack. "Making many a borde" =often tacking or veering (sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another), xii. 1.

Bore speare, boar-spear, spear used in hunting the boar, ii. 6.

Bowre, lodge, dwell, Int. 4; x. 6.

Boyle, inflame, parch, ix. 23.

Brast, burst, iii. 26; iv. 22; xi. 22.

Braynepan, skull, vi. 30.

Breathen, breathe, i. 4.

Breres, briars, viii. 32.

Briana, the lady of a castle, who, in order to gain Sir Crudor in marriage, exacted a shameful toll from her visitors, to which proceeding Sir Calidore put an end, Arg. i., *et seq.*

Brigants, brigands, x. 39, *et pass.*

Britaine land, the island of Britain, xii. 39.

Brond, brand, *i.e.* sword, xi. 48.

Brondyron, brand-iron, *i.e.* sword, viii. 10.

Bruin, the husband of Matilde (q.v.), iv. 29.

Brunt, charge, onset. "At the instant brunt" = at the outset, xi. 9.

Brust, burst, iii. 13.

Brute, brutal, x. 38.

Bryzes, gadflies, i. 24.

Buxome, obedient. "Buxome yoke" =the yoke of obedience, viii. 12.

Calepine, the knight who loved Serena, Arg. iii.

Calidore (=? finely gifted), the Knight of Courtesy and the hero of this book. (*See* the Introduction for a full account of him.) Arg. i.

Can=gan, *i.e.* (auxiliary verb), did, ii. 41.

Capias, a writ of arrest, vii. 35.

Cast (sb.), fate, death, iv. 9; the number sent out at one time (a hawking term), vii. 9; part or division of the narrative, viii. 51.

Cast (vb.), set (myself), ii. 12.

Centaures, mythical creatures, half men, half horses. It was at the wedding of their half-brother Pirithous that a deadly quarrel broke out between them

and the Lapithæ (q.v.). They were defeated, but Hercules afterwards punished the Lapithæ, x. 13.

Cerberus, the three-headed dog-monster who guarded the entrance to Hades, i. 8.

Certes, certainly, assuredly, ii. 7.

Champion, level and open country, iv. 26.

Chargefull, burdensome, costly, ix. 32.

Chaste, chased, iii. 51.

Chauff (sb.), vexation, raging, ii. 21; **(chauffe),** v. 19; (vb. **chauft**), chafed, raged, xi. 25.

Cheare (sb.), cheerfulness, iii. 6; (vb.) cheer, iii. 6.

Checklaton, ciclaton, stuff of silk or cloth of gold, vii. 43. Spenser, however, uses the word (as "shecklaton"), in his *Present State of Ireland*, somewhat differently: "which shecklaton is that kind of guilded leather with which they use to embroder theyr Irish jackes."

Child, chilled, ii. 4.

Chyld, a youth of gentle birth—used as a title, ii. 8, 34, 36; child, ii. 10.

Chimaera, a monster which was in form a mingling of the goat, the lion, and the dragon. Virgil places her, amongst others, at the gates of the Underworld, i. 8.

Chine, back, iii. 3.

Chylded, gave birth to, xii. 17.

Civilitie, good breeding, refinement, Arg. iv.

Civill, refined, educated, well-bred, i. 1.

Clame, proclaim. "Quite clame" =to proclaim quit, or free, absolve, ii. 14.

Claribell, the mother of Pastorella, xii. 4.

Close, secretly, vi. 8.

Colin Clout, the name of a shepherd, by whom Spenser generally means himself. He probably took the name from Skelton's satirical poem of the *Boke of Colyn Clout*. (*See* E. K.'s gloss to the *Shepherd's Calendar* [January]), x. 16, *et pass.*

Colour (vb.), disguise, hide, x. 37.

Colour (sb.), aspect, semblance, iii. 16.

Coloured (adj.), fair-seeming, specious, iii. 8.

Combred, confounded, overwhelmed, iv. 22.

Commixtion, union, commingling, vi. 12.

Conceptfull, imaginative, clever, xii. 16.

Conditions, qualities, characteristics, i. 3.

Containe, restrict, confine, control, vi. 7.

Continuance, sojourn, iii. 19.

Convay, to carry off or take away secretly, ix. 23.

Coportion, joint share or portion, ii. 47.

Cordwayne, Spanish leather (from Cordova), ii. 6.

Coridon, a shepherd in love with Pastorella, Arg. ix., *et pass.*

Cornewale, Cornwall, ii. 28.

Cormoraunt (=Cormorant, or a rapacious personage), the giant overcome by Sir Bruin, iv. 29.

Cost, coast, xi. 44; xii. 1.

Could, knew. "Could his good to all"=knew what was good for each one, v. 36.

Countercast, "antagonistic contrivance or artifice," iii. 16.

Couplement, couple, pair, v. 24.

Course. "Things of course"= ordinary, every-day things or events, iii. 14.

Cowherd, Cowheard, coward, vi. 26; vi. 33, *et pass.*

Cowherdize, cowardice, x. 37.

Coy, modest, retiring, ii. 24.

Crudor, a knight, who, being loved by Briana, will not marry her until she give him enough human hair (from knights and ladies) to line a cloak. He is overthrown by Calidore, Arg. i., *et pass.*

Curats, cuirasses, armour for the body, consisting of a breast-plate and back-plate buckled or fastened together, v. 8.

Curelesse, incapable of cure, vi. 2.

Currish, cur-like, quarrelsome, base, iii. 43.

Cynthus, a mountain in the island of Delos, at the foot of which some writers say Apollo was born, ii. 25.

Cytheron, probably intended for the island of Cythera, from which Venus received her name of Cytheræa. But "the similarity of the names Cythera (the island), and Cithæron (the mountain) led our old poets into the mistake of supposing this mountain to be a favourite haunt of Venus" (Child), x. 9.

Daily, in the day time, x. 42.

Darraine, engage in, maintain, vii. 41.

Daunger, harm, damage, viii. 14; xi. 49.

Deaded, deadened, stupefied, vii. 25.

Deare, dearly, greatly, ii. 46.

Debate, strife, conflict, iii. 22.

Decetto, *i.e.* deceit, v. 13.

Default (sb.), fault, transgression, iii. 21; (vb.) transgress, iii. 21.

Defetto (*i.e.* detraction, defamation), one of three villains who attacked Timias), v. 13.

Defrayd, borne the charge of, here used figuratively with meaning of, to fill, viii. 24.

Defynd, defined, made clear, Int. 5.

Defyde, defied, cursed, iv. 26.

Delt, dealt, distributed about, gave out, x. 42.

Demeane (sb.), treatment, vi. 18; (vb.) ill-treat, vii. 39.

Denay, deny, refuse, xi. 15; (**denie**), ii. 34.

Depart, dispart, separate, ii. 4.

Dere, deer, xi. 49.

Derringdoe, (*lit.* daring to do), deeds of daring, v. 37.

Descrie, disclose, discover, vii. 12; (**descryde**), descried, perceived, ii. 3.

Descrive, describe, xii. 21.

Despetto (*i.e.* despite or malice), one of three villains who attacked Timias, v. 13.

Despight, disdain, i. 15, iii. 33; injury, outrage, insult, i. 15, 20; ii. 42, 45; iv. 3; (pl.) viii. 18; anger, indignation, i. 36; vexation, vii. 20, *et pass.*

Despiteous, pitiless, cruel, i. 33.

Desynd, designed, intended, vii. 10.

Devize, considered, thought over, iv. 34; (**devizing**, pres. pt.), meditating, thinking, vii. 6.

Dew, due, fitting, merited, ix. 8.

Dight, prepared, fitted out, i. 15; iii. 16; v. 31; ix. 17; put on, fitted, i. 32; ii. 39; adorned, iii. 23; (pres.) prepare, arrange, ii. 18; v. 25; (pres. pt.) dressing, xii. 15.

Dilate, dilate, discourse fully, x. 21.

Disaccord, disagree, iii. 7.

Disadventures, misadventures, mishaps, iii. 15.

Disattyre, divest of attire, unclothe, ix. 7.

Discourse, moving about, course of arms or combat (?), viii. 14. (*See* N. E. D.)

Disease (sb.), uneasiness, trouble, v. 40; ix. 19; (vb. pt.) troubled, in discomfort, uneasy, iii. 32.

Dismay, dismaying influence, perils, ii. 38.

Dispart, divide, v. 27.

Dispraised, disparaged, discredited, viii. 26.

Dispred, spread abroad, extended, viii. 44.

Distinct, distinguished, adorned, iii. 23. *See* N. E. D.

Doe, put, place, xi. 29; (**don**), viii. 24; done, xi. 32.

Doen, done, vii. 4; xi. 51; (**donne**), ii. 25, 48; iv. 2.

Don. *See* **doe.**

Donne. *See* **doen.**

Doome, decree, i. 16.

Doole, sorrow, pain, vii. 39; viii. 21, *et pass.*

Dortours, dormitories, xii. 24.

Doubt, danger, difficulty, ii. 29.

Doubtfull, full of fear, apprehensive, ii. 29.

Doughtie, brave, valiant, ii. 36.

Dowre, dower, portion, i. 43.

Drad (adj.), dread, dreadful, to be feared, i. 10; vii. 6.

Dreare, dreariness, gloom, ii. 46.

Dreed (sb.), dread, v. 10.

Drenched, drowned, overwhelmed, iii. 10.

Drery, dreary, dreadful, miserable, i. 34; iii. 11.

Drive, pushed, drove, ix. 32.

Droupe, droop, grow languid, v. 32.

Dubbed, made a knight of, by the striking of his shoulder with a sword, ii. 35.

Dyde, dyed, coloured, ix. 7.

Earst, erst, before, formerly, i. 45; ii. 34; iii. 8. "At earst"= at once, iii. 39. *See* N. E. D. for this use of the word.

Echidna, a monster, half woman, half serpent. She became by Typhon (Typhaon, q.v.) the mother of many other monsters, among them the Chimaera, vi. 9, 10.

Effort, struggle, strife, xi. 42.

Eftsoones, forthwith, immediately, i. 18.

Elfe, elf; here used in the sense of a creature in a pitiable condition, xi. 19. Spenser applies the term also to his knights of Faerie Land, with a more dignified meaning. *See* next word.

Elfin, belonging to elf or fairyland, x. 10; xii. 23.

Embase, humiliate, lower, i. 3; vi. 20.

Embost, enwrapped, iv. 4.

Embrew, imbrued, moistened (with tears) (?), viii. 41; (**embrewed**), soaked, bedabbled, ii. 7.

Emiline, the mother of Sir Tristram, ii. 29.

Emmoved, moved, touched with emotion, iv. 3; viii. 5.

Empaire, impair, detract from, ix. 33.

Empeach, hinder, ii. 42; iv. 19; disparage, discredit (?), iv. 11.

Empierst, pierced, ix. 26.

Empight, fixed, implanted, xii. 27.

Emprize (sb.), enterprise, i. 5; prowess, iv. 33; chivalry, vi. 35.

Enchace, trace, engrave, iv. 35.

Encomberment, disturbance, viii. 38.

Encroch, encroach, gradually approach, viii. 38.

Endammadge, injure, xii. 38.

Endite, indict, to be indicted or accused, xii. 41.

Enforme, inform, guide, direct, vi. 3.

Enforst, enforced. "Enforst with pain"=learned by practice, or with difficulty, ii. 2.

Engore, gore, pierce, vii. 9.

Engrieved, grieved, troubled, viii. 34.

Enias, a knight who fought with Prince Arthur and was overcome by him; but his life was allowed to him by Arthur because he informed him of a plot against the prince's life, viii. 4.

Enraced, implanted, x. 25.

Enraunging, ranging, ii. 9.

Enrold, wrapped up, enfolded, vi. 11.

Ensew, result from, i. 35. The meaning of the line is, "To prove if better (fortune) would result from fighting on foot than on horseback." Following, succeeding, viii. 51.

Entire, heartily, v. 23; thorough, sincere, viii. 3; unfeigned, sincere, viii. 48.

Entrayles, interior, innermost recesses of the "dens," xi. 41.

Entreat, treat, use, i. 40.

Enured, accustomed, familiar, viii. 14.

Envide, begrudged, xi. 49.

Environed, surrounded, vi. 38.

"Equall years" = years corresponding with the distance of time when she was born, xii. 18.

Errant, wandering. "Errant knight"=a knight out upon a quest, i. 42; iii. 38, *et pass.*

Eschew, avoid, escape, viii. 49; (pret.) iii. 50.

Estate, dignity, reputation, iii. 12; condition, rank, x. 37; (pl.) "all estates," all conditions of men, xii. 23.

Euphrosyne. *See* **Graces.**

Eurynome, the mother of the Graces, according to Spenser, who is following Hesiod, x. 21.

Evill, unskilful, xi. 40.

Eyne, eyes, v. 26, *et pass.*

Faerie, Faery (sb.). The word is used by Spenser in a sense of his own—a modification of "Fairy" in its modern sense, excluding anything trivial or undignified in connection with the word (*see* N. E. D.); =Fairyland, the realm of Queen Gloriana, a visionary world of beauty and enchantment, Int. i.; ii. 30; vii. 28; xii. 37.

Faery (adj.), belonging to Faery or Fairyland, i. 1, 3.

Faery Queene, Gloriana, whose kingdom was "Faeryland," x. 1.

Faine, Fayne, glad, i. 46; ii. 38; iv. 16; gladly, v. 39.

Fain'd, desired, iii. 9.

Fare, act, do, proceed, xi. 48; (pt.) xii. 31.

Faytor, Faytour, villain, deceiver, i. 18; iv. 1.

Feare. *See* **Fere.**

Fee, reward, payment, iii. 19; absolute possession, iv. 30; service, x. 21. (*See* N. E. D. for full account of this word.)

Fell, cruel, iii. 34; fierce, strong, iv. 40; x. 18.

Felly, cruelly, fiercely, xi. 48.

Felnesse, cruelty, fierceness, iii. 50.

Fere, mate, spouse, i. 43; vii. 28; xii. 4; companion, ii. 31; **(feare),** viii. 25.

Flore, floor, ground, ii. 40; vii. 8.

Flowre. *See* **Flore.**

Flud, flood, x. 7.

Fond, found, i. 16.
Fone, foes, xi. 20.
For, against. "For never"=that he might never, xii. 34.
Forby, Foreby, along by, near, ii. 16; iii. 29.
Fordonne, destroyed, iv. 32; overdone, wearied out, xi. 35.
Forgo, give up, iii. 39.
Forlore, bereft, iv. 10; abandoned, xii. 12.
Forlorne, lost, forsaken, ii. 27; iii. 32.
Former, front, vi. 11.
Formerlie, first, i. 38.
Forray (vb.), forage, pillage, plunder, xi. 40; (sb.) foray, raid, xi. 42.
Forrein, Forreine, foreign, ii. 29; from without, undomestic, ix. 20.
Forsed, forced, ix. 3.
Forslackt, neglected, grow slack in, ix. 3; (pp.) xii. 12.
Forstall, hinder, prevent, xi. 31; xi. 10. This last use of the word may carry the technical meaning of "bought up beforehand."
Forthinke, consider in anticipation, iv. 32.
Forthy, therefore, ii. 37.
Fortunize, make the fortune of, make fortunate, ix. 30.
For why, wherefore, on account of which, iii. 44.
Fowle, shameful, foul, i. 30, *et pass.*
Fowly, grievously, iii. 21.
Frame, go forward, v. 40.
Frayde, terrified, x. 35.
Frize, freeze, x. 33.
Frollicke (vb.), to make merry or glad, iii. 9; (adj.) merry, joyous, ix. 43.
Froward, *i.e.*, "fromward," turning away, x. 24. *See* **Graces.**
Fylde, felt, xii. 21.
Gan, began, often used merely as the auxiliary "did," ii. 44. *See* **Can.**
Geare, matter, iii. 6; **(gere),** foul matter, xii. 28.
Geason, strange, extraordinary, iv. 37.
Gent, "gentle," *i.e.* either well-born or well-mannered, or both; having the ways of gentlehood, ii. 16.
Gentlesse, gentlehood, courtesy, iv. 3.
Gere. *See* **Geare.**
Gests, gestures, iv. 14.
Get, beget, iii. 1.
Ghesse, guess, think, imagine, ii. 45; judge, conclude, iv. 24; (pt. **ghest**), i. 17.
Gilden, golden, ii. 33, 44.
Ginnes, begins, iv. 33. *See* **Gan.**
Girland, garland, ix. 8.
Glee, happiness, joy, iii. 43.
Glims, glimmering, viii. 48.
Gloriana (=glory), the Faerie Queene, x. 4.
Gon, gone, ix. 12.
Good. "To know their good"=understand the rules of good

breeding, ii. 1; good manners, v. 2.

Goodlyhead, goodliness, beauty, ii. 25.

Goth, Go'th, goeth, ii. 17; iii. 33, 45.

Gourmandize, voraciousness, x. 34.

Graces, x. 9, 21. As a comment on Spenser's description of the Graces, *see* E. K.'s note in the *Shepherd's Calendar* for April:

"*The Graces* be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne); and Homer onely added a fourth, s. Pasithea, otherwise called Charites, that is, thankes: whom the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of all bountie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely; then to receive benefits at other mens hands curteously; and thirdly, to requite them thankfully; which are three sundry Actions in libera itye. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Julius Cæsar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us, noting double thanke to be due to us for the benefit we have done."

Graste, graced, favoured, xii. 16.

Gratious, gracious, ii. 2, 25.

Greave, grove, ii. 43.

Gree, kindliness, good part, "in gree," graciously, in good part, v. 39. *See* textual note at end.

Gren, grin, show the teeth, xii. 27.

Griefful, full of grief or sorrow, viii. 40.

Griple, griping, tenacious, iv. 6.

Groome, attendant, squire, viii. 27; (pl.) serving-men, servants, ix. 5, 11, 40.

Ground-hold, ground-tackle, tackle for holding on to the ground, anchorage, iv. 1.

Groynd, growled, xii. 27.

Grype, grasp, grip, iv. 7.

Grypt, pierced, bitten, iii. 27.

Guize, guise, fashion, ii. 6.

Hability, ability, cleverness, iii. 7.

Hale, pull along, drag, viii. 6; **hayling** (pres. pt.) i. 17; vii. 44; (pp.) iv. 7; harry, molest, viii. 28; (pres. pt.) viii. 4.

Handsell, reward, payment, xi. 15.

Hap, good fortune, success, iv. 36; Arg. xii.

Harbour, harbourage, shelter, lodging, iii. 37; v. 31.

Hardiment, courage, daring, vi. 33.

Hast, haste, matter of haste, ix. 2.

Hault, haughty, ii. 23.

Haynous, heinous, grievous, i. 18.

Heare, hair, iii. 4.

Heard, herd, xi. 49; (pl.) herds, cattle, xi. 37, 40.

Heard-groomes, herdsmen, xi. 39.

Heast, behest, command, i. 43; vow, *i.e.* office (to which they were vowed), xii. 24.
Heedinesse, heedfulness, vi. 26.
Hent, seized, taken, xi. 31.
Herneshaw, heron (*lit.* a young heron), vii. 9.
Hether, hither, v. 2; viii. 46.
Hew, hue, colour, ii. 35; viii. 40; person, appearance, vii. 38; ix. 9, 26; x. 4; xi. 2; xii. 18, 31; countenance, xi. 3, 28; "her likely hew" = her appearance resembling yours, xii. 18.
Hew, hacking, slaughter, viii. 49.
Hight, name, mention, vii. 31; was called, ii. 29, *et pass.*
Hight, high, viii. 10; x. 10; xii. 29.
Hire, Hyre, hire, reward, i. 47; ii. 13, 34; xi. 39; xii. 6.
Hole, whole, healthy, i. 47.
Holesome, wholesome, vi. 5.
Hoord, hoard, hide away, iv. 29.
Hostes, abides, lodges with, Arg. ix.
Hould, hold, captivity, i. 29; grasp, v. 15.
Howres, prayers at stated times, v. 35.
Hylding, base, wretched, v. 25.
Hynd, Hynde, hind, servant, viii. 12; xi. 27; (pl.) peasants, countrymen, x. 3.
Hydra, a many-headed monster, one of the offspring of Echidna and Typhon. Hercules finally killed it, xii. 32.
Imbrew, moisten, soak, v. 5.
Incomber, harass, press upon, v. 19.
Inferd, brought, offered, viii. 31.
Infest, hostile, hurtful, iv. 5; vi. 41; attack, linger about, vi. 2, 12.
Infestred, rankling, xi. 24.
Ingrate, ungrateful, vii. 2.
Inne, dwelling, abode, iii. 29.
Inquest, inquiry, search, xi. 42.
Intimate, communicate, share, iii. 12.
Importune, importunate, persistent, i. 20; iv. 8.
Imps, creatures, beings (the muses), Int. 2; children, young creatures, iv. 36.
Impugneth, gainsayeth, calleth in question, ii. 7; "armes impugneth plaine" = is against the law of arms.
Jess, "a short strap, usually of leather, sometimes of silk or other material, fastened about the leg of a hawk, used in falconry, and continually worn," iv. 19.
Jolly, fine, handsome, gallant, iii. 20; ix. 1.
Jollyhead, jolliness, merriment, xi. 32.
Keasars, Kesars, Cæsars, emperors, iii. 5; xii. 28.
Kend, kenned, knew of, ix. 6.
Kest, cast, xii. 15.
Kind, Kynd, Kynde, nature, dis-

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position, vii. 37; viii. 2, 36; sex, viii. 50.

Lad, led, x. 40.

Lamoracke, one of the celebrated knights of King Arthur's Round Table, xii. 39.

Latonaes sonne, Apollo, but there seems to be no classical authority for especially connecting him with the chase. He is often shown as carrying a bow and arrows, in reference to his function as the punisher of evil doers, ii. 25.

Lapithes, the descendants of Lapithus, a son of Apollo. They lived among the mountains of Thessaly, x. 13. *See* **Centaurs.**

Launch, pierce, ii. 6.

Leake, leaky, viii. 24.

Leare, lore, iv. 4.

Leasing, lying, i. 3.

Lenger, longer, iii. 45.

Lest, list, listen, i. 17.

Let (sb.), hindrance, ii. 17; (vb.) hinder, xii. 1.

Lewd, bad, wicked, i. 13; iii. 48; viii. 22.

Lewdly, badly, in ignorance, ii. 30.

Liefe, glad, willing, i. 44; a term of affection, beloved, v. 23.

Liege, liege or sovereign lord, vii. 23.

Lig, lie, iv. 40.

Light (adj. and adv.), quick, quickly, nimbly, i. 39, *et pass.*

Light, Lite, come, happen, vi. 17; xii. 23; alight, vii. 40.

Lightly, quickly, ii. 19; viii. 47.

Likely, similar, "likely hew," her person similar to or like your own, xii. 18.

Lincolne green, green woollen cloth, dyed with excellence at Lincoln, the favourite clothing of huntsmen and outlaws, ii. 5. But, says Warton, "it would be difficult to prove that a manufacture of green cloth subsisted at Lincoln in the fairy reign of Arthur!"

Lionesse, a mythical region near Cornwall, which was supposed to fill the space between the Land's End and the Scilly Isles before the sea had encroached on the land. It was the land from which Arthur came, and the birthplace of Tristram. (See the Arthurian Romances), ii. 30.

List, please, iv. 35, vii. 30; (pt.) ii. 20, 28.

Lite. *See* **Light.**

Lites, lights, lungs, iii. 26.

Livehood, livelihood, means of maintenance, iii. 7.

Livelihead, liveliness, animation, vii. 20.

Liverey, delivery, iv. 37. *See* **Seisin.**

Lives despeire, despair of life, ii. 28.

Lode, load, burden, xii. 7.

Lome, loam, clay, earth, ix. 16.

Long, belong, ii. 8.
Loos, praise, xii. 12.
Lore, left, vii. 14.
Losde. *See* **Lose.**
Lose, loose, free, viii. 29; (pt.) i. 11.
Lout, bow, bend, x. 16.
Lover, Louver, or **Louvre**, an architectural term = "a long window-like opening, with broad slats sloping downward and outward," x. 42.
Lozell, worthless fellow, rascal, iv. 10.
Luskishnesse, laziness, i. 35.
Lust (sb.), pleasure, liking, iii. 23; (vb.) pleased, viii. 23. *See* **List.**
Lustlesse, listless, languid, i. 35.
Lyfeful, full of life, living, xi. 45.
Lynd, lined, i. 15.
Mahound, Mahomet, vii. 47.
Maisteries, trials of strength, ix. 43.
Make (vb.), go, proceed, i. 18.
Make (sb.), mate, viii. 33; xi. 51.
Malaber, Malabar, vii. 43.
Malicing, bearing malice, ix. 39.
Maleffort (=evil effort or strength), the seneschal of Briana's Castle, Arg. i.; iii. 15.
Mand, manned, filled, xi. 46.
Mantleth, a term in falconry; "to mantle"="to stretch out one wing after the leg, as a hawk, by way of relief," or simply to spread out the wings, ii. 32.
Mard, marred, spoiled, ix. 40.
Matilde, the wife of Sir Bruin. She adopts as her own the babe found by Calepine, iv. 29.
Maugre, in spite of, vii. 45.
Mayles, rings of the coat of mail, ii. 13.
Maystery, mastery, i. 36.
Maystring, mastering, overpowering, xii. 38.
Meane, Mene, means, vi. 9; vii. 39; mien, demeanour, ix. 11; x. 27.
Meed, reward, i. 47, *et pass.*; gifts xi. 35.
Melibee, Melibœ, the shepherd foster-father of Pastorella, Arg. ix.; ix. 16.
Meliogras, the father of Sir Tristram; in Malory, "Melyodas," ii. 28.
Melissa, the waiting-maid to the lady Claribell; she discovers the identity of Pastorella, xii. 14.
Menaged, managed, arranged, ix. 46.
Mene. *See* **Meane.**
Ment, mingled, crowded, vi. 27.
Met, joined, iii. 1.
Middest, midst, middle, i. 33.
Middle fall, *i.e.*, in the midst of the fall (of his sword), viii. 10.
Minime, short poem, x. 28.
Mirabella, a lady who having been scornful and cruel to all her lovers, is condemned by Cupid to ride over the land, doing repentance, until she has saved as many lovers as she

has slain. Scorn and Disdain attend her, Arg. vii., *et pass.*

Mis-deeme, mis-judge, Int. 4.

Misdesert, bad desert, ill-deserving, i. 12.

Misdoubting, suspecting, mistrusting, iii. 47.

Misfare, misfortune, trouble, iii. 24; sorrow, xii. 14.

Misgotten, ill-gotten, unlawfully obtained, i. 18.

Missayd, said wrongly or uselessly, xii. 2.

Misseeming, unbecoming, miserable, vii. 39.

Mister, kind of, sort of, xi. 39.

Misust, misused, ill-treated, viii. 3.

Mold, mole, spot, xii. 7.

Monastere, monastery, xii. 23.

Mone, moaning, lamentation, iv. 32; v. 4.

Monument, record, memory, memorable event, xii. 20.

Mood, condition, state of feeling, viii. 51.

Mores, Moors, vii. 43.

Morpheus, the god of sleep, viii. 34.

Mote, might, i. 28; must, ii. 10, *et pass.*

Mought, might, could, vii. 50; viii. 32.

Mould, earth, dross, ix. 33.

Mowes, grimaces, vii. 49.

Moystie, damp, humid, ix. 13.

Mured, closed up, xii. 34.

Nathemore, none the more, xii. 32.

Nathlesse, none the less, notwithstanding, i. 2, *et pass.*

Nature's dew (so far as was) due to nature, ix. 3.

Ne, nor, Int. 2.

Neat, cattle, ix. 4.

Needfull, full of need or trouble, ii. 38.

Net, clean, bare, viii. 45.

Nice, dainty, fastidious, ix. 7.

Nould, would not, vii. 36.

Noursle, nourish, train, rear, iv. 35.

Ny, Nye, nigh, iii. 7, 21.

Object, bring forward, vii. 26.

Œnone, a river nymph of Mt. Ida, and the wife of Paris (q.v.), ix. 36.

Offend, pain, trouble, iv. 25.

Onely, only, ii. 32, *et pass.*

Orcus, one of the names of Pluto, the god of the underworld, xii. 26.

Orgoglio, a giant (personifying the "pride of brutal strength") who captures the Red Cross Knight, and is afterwards slain by Prince Arthur. (*See* Book I.) vii. 41.

Ought, owned, iii. 2.

Overpasse, pass over, "The anguish of his paine to overpasse,"=to help him to forget his pain by ignoring it, iii. 14.

Overraught, outwitted, iii. 50.

Packe, burden, ii. 21, 47.

Paine, trouble, labour, i. 46; iii. 17 (**Payne**), work, quest, ii. 38.

Paled, striped, ii. 6. *See* **Pinckt.**

Paragon, Paragone, model of perfection, i. 1; mate, companion, ix. 11.

Paravaunt, first, in front, x. 15.

Paris, the second son of Priam, King of Troy. He was brought up as a shepherd, unconscious of his royal origin. In this condition he married Œnone, and for some time they lived a pastoral life together. At the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, Eris, the goddess of discord, threw a golden apple among the guests, having the inscription, "to the fairest." A quarrel arose between Here, Aphrodite, and Athena (Juno, Venus, and Minerva) for its possession. Paris was asked to decide the question, and he awarded the apple to Aphrodite, with whom he fell in love. This broke up his life with Œnone, and finally led to the Trojan war. He is termed "Phrygian," since Troy lay in the district known as Phrygia Major; and he is frequently represented with the Phrygian cap in works of art. ix. 36.

Parnasso, Mt. Parnassus, the haunt of the Muses, Int. 2.

Part. *See* **Pinckt.**

Parted paines, divided labour, *i.e.*, sharing the burden of the wounded knight, ii. 6.

Party, part, side, cause, i. 19.

Pastorell, Pastorella, daughter of Sir Bellamour and the lady Claribel, who in the guise of a shepherdess is loved by Calidore, Arg. ix., *et pass.*

Payne. *See* **Paine.**

Peare, Pere, equal, ii. 29; (pl.) iii. 3; peer, noble, iii. 7; v. 40; xii. 41. The "mighty pere" is probably Lord Burleigh, who was unfriendly to Spenser.

Pearst, pierced, i. 45.

Pelleas, one of King Arthur's knights (*see* **Malory**), xii. 39.

Perdie, Perdy, a common oath = *pardieu*, ii. 8; iii. 31, *et pass.*

Phœbus, the sun-god, iii. 29.

Picteland, Scotland, the land of the Picts and Scots, who united themselves under one kingdom in the ninth century, xii. 4.

Pight, set, placed, stiffly fixed (on his legs), ix. 44.

Pill, pillage, plunder, x. 5.

Pinckt, pinked, decorated, "Pinckt . . . part" = "Adorned with golden points, or eyelets, and regularly intersected with stripes." "In heraldry a shield is said to be *parted per pale* when it is longitudinally divided by a pale, or broad bar" (Hillard, in Child's edition), ii. 6.

Pine, anguish, death, "done to pine" = put to death, v. 28.

Plaine, plain, level, iv. 26.

Plast, placed, i. 39.

Plates, sheets of metal which form "plate-armour," i. 37.

Pleasaunce, pleasantness, beauty, x. 5; pleasure, x. 9, 17.

Plexippus. "It is very likely that 'Plexippus brooke' (a stream unknown to ancient geography), was derived from some recent fiction upon this popular subject" (of Paris and Œnone) [Child], ix. 36.

Plight (sb.), condition, ii. 19; iii. 14; (vb.) folded, vii. 43.

Pluto, the god of the underworld, xii. 35.

Podalyrius, one of the sons of Æsculapius, and himself skilled in the art of medicine, vi. 1.

Poet, the "good poet" must be Chaucer, in whose Wife of Bath's Tale (Canterbury Tales) occurs a well-known passage on this subject, iii. 1.

Port, harbour, "sayling alwaies on the p."=always going towards his object, but never arriving at it, x 2.

Portamore (=Love's messenger), vii. 35.

Portance, port, demeanour, v. 11; vii. 6.

Potshares, potsherds, broken pieces of earthenware, i. 37.

Pounching, striking, ii. 22.

Practicke, practised, skilful, i. 36.

Practise, contrive artfully, ix. 23.

Pray, prey, ii. 32.

Prayde, prayed for, asked, ii. 37.

Prayde, made the prey of, preyed upon, x. 35.

Prease, Preasse, press, crowd, vi. 28; xi. 20.

Presently, now, at present, i. 6.

Pretended, offered, presented, iv. 10; stretched, held out, xi. 19.

Prest, ready, vi. 44; at hand, near, vii. 19.

Pricking, riding quickly, spurring on, i. 32; (pp., **pricked**), vii. 6.

Priefe, proof, iv. 34.

Prieve, prove, xii. 18.

Priscilla, a lady helped by Calidore. She loved Aladine, who was beneath her in rank. Arg. iii., *et pass.*

Prise, capture, viii. 25.

Procured, caused, viii. 29.

Project, throw, i. 45.

Puissance, power, strength, ii. 8; vii. 46.

Purvayd, provided, ii. 48.

Quarry, prey, hunted creature, a term in falconry, ii. 20.

Quartered, partitioned, divided, ii. 44.

Queld, quieted, allayed, i. 18.

Quient, elegant, fine, artificial, ix. 35.

Quight, quite, entirely, ii. 30.

Quip, taunt, gibe at, vii. 44.

Quire, company, viii. 48.

Quite. *See* **Clame.**

Quooke, quaked, shook, vii. 24.

Rad, recognised, i. 4. *See* **Read.**

Raine, kingdom, ii. 9.
Raine (vb.), prevail, hold ascendancy, xii. 2.
Raught, reached, xi. 33; rescued, xii. 3.
Raunges, ranges, rows, xii. 26.
Raunsome, ransom, i. 19.
Ray, defile, daub, iv. 23.
Read, Reede (sb.), advice, counsel, ii. 30; vi. 5, 13.
Read, Reed, Reede (vb.), think, surmise, iii. 31; understand, v. 10; tell, declare, xi. 29; (pp., **Red**), advised, recommended, ii. 30; declared, uttered, x. 20; read out, vii. 33.
Reare, raise up, establish, i. 14; bear, ii. 26; lift, raise, ii. 42; vi. 32.
Reave, take away, carry off, ii. 43; vii. 12.
Rebeaten, beaten again or back, viii. 10.
Reclame, draw back, iii. 43.
Recomfort, comfort, console, vi. 32; x. 29; xi. 50; (**Recomforting**), xi. 38.
Recou'r, recover, x. 36.
Recreant, traitorous, cowardly, ii. 35.
Recuile, recoil, i. 20.
Recure, recover, v. 6; cure, x. 31; (pp., **Recured**), ii. 46; iii. 28; iv. 16; v. 12; vi. 1, 15.
Red. *See* **Read.**
Reed, Reede. *See* **Read.**
Reft, carried off, i. 18; iii. 18. *See* **Reave.**
Reincreast, increased, reinforced, vi. 15.
Release, give up, i. 43.
Relent, slacken, abate, i. 21; give way, vii. 45.
Relickes, relics, reminders, iv. 23.
Reliv'd, revived, re-animated, xi. 24.
Rencountred, encountered, attacked, xii. 29.
Renowne, make famous or renowned, i. 2; (pp.) i. 5.
Renue, renew, x. 31.
Reparye, repair, ii. 25.
Repine, cause to chafe or rebel, vii. 26.
Retrate, retreat, ix. 31.
Retyre, retirement, ix. 27.
Revengement, revenge, retaliation, viii. 22.
Rew, pity, have pity, viii. 20, 40; xi. 2; xii. 25; (**Rewing**), bemoaning, vii. 17.
Rid, rode, iii. 37.
Rife, freely, abundantly, v. 5.
Rode, raid, viii. 35.
Ronne, run, *et pass.*, iv. 2.
Roode, rood, cross, v. 35.
Roules, rolls, lists, vii. 33.
Rout, crowd, group, ix. 8.
Rowld, rolled, i. 33.
Rudeness, simplicity, simple way of life, ix. 33.
Sad, grave, vi. 5.
Salvage, savage, i. 9, *et seq.* The "Salvage Island" is an allusion to Ireland, over which Lord Grey de Wilton (represented by

Artegall—*See* Bk. V., of which he is the hero—was Lord-Lieutenant for nearly two years.

Salve, save, iii. 8.

Say, tried quality, temper, xi. 47.

Scarse, scarce, scarcely, ii. 5.

Scath, injury, vii. 3.

Scope, mark, point aimed at, intention, iii. 5.

Scorsed, ran, scampered, ix. 3.

Scoule, scowl, frown, ix. 38.

Scrike, shriek, iv. 18.

Sead, seed, ancestry, ii. 26.

Seat, rest, lie, ix. 4.

Seaze, seize, fasten, vi. 40.

Seene, experienced, versed, vi. 3.

Seisin, possession, "Liverey and seisin" = delivery and possession. Spenser, however, probably meant to say, "L. of seisin," which was a common law term meaning the act of giving possession of property, that is "the giving a person corporeal possession of a tenement or land, by delivering to him in the first case, the latch, key, or ring of the door; in the second, a turf or twig," iv. 37.

Seiz'd, possessed, iv. 30.

Semblance, behaviour, appearance, iv. 14.

Semblant, Semblaunt, semblance, appearance, v. 4.

Serena, Serene, the lady loved by Calepine, Arg. iii., *et pass.*

Severall, separately, going in different directions, i. 10; separate, individual, ix. 13.

Sew, pursue, x. 2; xi. 5; (**Sewing**), ix. 2; xii. 2.

Shent, blamed, reproved, vi. 18, 33; put to shame, punished, vi. 44.

Showen, shown, iv. 36.

Showes, appearances, display, v. 38.

Sib, kinsman, vii. 41.

Sight, sighed, ii. 42; x. 40; xi. 25.

Sin, since, xi. 44.

Sith, since, as, ii. 24, *et pass.*

Skill, power of discriminating or discerning, xi. 16.

Skilfull, experienced, practised, v. 16.

Skilled, "whereof he skilled nought"=which he knew not how to look after, iv. 38.

Slight, sleight, stratagem, iii. 16; v. 13; vii. 1.

Smot, smote, struck, ii. 19.

Snar, snarl, xii. 27.

Sodaine, sudden, xi. 7; xii. 17.

Sodainely, suddenly, iii. 24.

Sooth, truly, ii. 9.

Soothly, truly, ii. 13; ix. 9.

Sound, Swound, swoon, i. 34; iii. 10, 27; v. 6, *et pass.*

Sourse, source, spring, beginning, iii. 14; xi. 34.

Souse, swoop, swift descent (of a hawk) for attack, vii. 9.

Sowen, sown, planted, iv. 36.

Soyle, land, country, viii. 47.

Spight, spite, envy, iii. 20.

Spill, kill, vii. 31; (pt.) wasted, ii. 31.
Sprad, sprinkled, spangled, ii. 5; spread, laid, ii. 45.
Spright, spirit, Int. 1.; animation, power, iii. 26, *et pass.*
Spyes, spies, *i.e.*, eyes, viii. 43.
Stales, snares, traps, x. 3.
Start, fall away, abandon, ii. 36; escape, get away, vii. 21.
Stead, place, i. 42; v. 29.
Steare, bullock, i. 24.
Steemed, esteemed, x. 35.
Stound, time, space of time, i. 42; blow, ii. 41; stunning effect of a blow, iii. 10; bewilderment, perplexity, iii. 30.
Stound, bewildering trouble, iv. 9, 11, *et pass.*
Stoure, Stowre, encounter, conflict, iv. 3; vii. 8; xii. 3.
Stout, bold, brave, ii. 25.
Strake, struck, iv. 11. *See* **Strooke.**
Strayte, strongly, tightly, viii. 11.
Streight (sb.), narrow pass, i. 13; (adj.) strict, v. 35; (adv.) straightway, v. 36.
Strene, strain, race, vi. 9.
Stroken. *See* **Strooke.**
Strooke, struck, ii. 12; iv. 5, *et pass.*; (pp., **Stroken**), ii. 7.
Stygian, belonging to the Styx, a river of the underworld, i. 8; vi. 9.
Sude, sued, viii. 20.
Suffraunce, suffering, endurance (here=neglect?), v. 39.
Suit, "suit and service," attendance at the court of a lord and the payment to him of homage, —a feudal term, vii. 34.
Surceasse, refrain, cease, vi. 43; vii. 13; (**Surceaseth**), vi. 14.
Sute, suit, entreaty, x. 38.
Sweath-bands, swathing bands, iv. 23.
Swelt, fainted, swooned, xii. 21.
Swinke, labour, iv. 32.
Ta'ne, taken, ix. 18.
Targe, shield, ii. 44.
Target, shield, xi. 19.
Tearmes, terms, manner of reception, "better tearmes"="kindlier manner," xi. 7.
Teld, told, i. 44.
Tendered, cared for, iii. 9.
Thalia. *See* **Graces.**
Theare, there, xi. 15.
Then, than, i. 38, *et pass.*
Theseus. *See* **Ariadne.**
Thetis. *See* **Æacidee.**
Thewes, manners, habits, morals, ii. 2, 31; iv. 38.
Tho', then, iii. 29, *et pass.*
Thorough, through, ii. 27; iii. 17, 30, *et pass.*
Thrall, enthralled, captive, hence dejected or cast down, xi. 44. Or does "thrall" here="thrill"?
Threasure, treasure, Int. 2; xii. 41.
Threed, thread, xi. 34.
Thro, throe, feeling, emotion, xii. 17.

Thwart, across, athwart, vi. 30.
Tickle, unstable, inconstant, iii. 5.
Tine, Tyne, affliction, v. 24; viii. 33.
Tirynthian swain, Hercules, so called from Tirynthus, a city of Argolis, which he had inherited through his mother Alcmena; but he had to fight for the possession of this inheritance, since it had fallen into hostile hands. The allusion in this passage is to the "twelfth labour" of Hercules—that of bringing up the dog Cerberus from Hell, xii. 35.
Titans beames, the rays of the sun, iii. 13.
To, too, v. 37.
Tofore, before, formerly, vi. 9.
Tong, tongue, xii. 34; (pl.) xii. 27.
Trace (sb.), track, path, i. 6.
Trace (vb.), move, travel, i. 7; iii. 29; step, pace, ix. 42; (pt.) i. 37; vii. 47.
Tract (sb.), track, trace, vii. 3; xii. 22; (vb.) vii. 17.
Traine, trick, beguilement, v. 27; vii. 22; (pl.) i. 12.
Travell, labour, iii. 9.
Trayned, beguiled, vi. 42.
Treachetours, traitors, viii. 7.
Treated, negotiated, parleyed, ii. 36.
Tride, Tryde, proved, iii. 2; viii. 33.
Tristram, one of the most famous of the Knights of the Round Table. Spenser partly follows the account given of him in the *Morte Darthur*, Arg. ii., *et pass.*
Troad, path, track, x. 5.
Troupe, troop, "in troupe"=together, v. 32.
Turmagant, the name given in the mediæval romances to the god of the Saracens, generally coupled with the name of Mahomed (q.v.), vii. 47.
Turmoile, trouble, disturb, viii. 23.
Turpine, a churlish knight, husband of Blandina. He owns the Castle of the Ford, and refuses both assistance and lodging to Serena and Calepine when in trouble. He is finally defeated and disgraced from knighthood by Prince Arthur, Arg. iii., *et pass.*
Twayne, twain, asunder, ii. 38.
Tyne. *See* **Tine.**
Typhaon, or **Typhon,** "a monster of the primitive world, sometimes described as a destructive hurricane, sometimes as a fire-breathing giant" (*see* **Echidna**), vi. 11.
Tyreling, tired, fagged, vii. 40.
Unas knight, the Red Cross Knight, the lover of Una, the heroine of Bk. I., vii. 41.
Uncouth, unknown, v. 16.
Undight, put off, vii. 19.

Uneath, scarcely, uneasily, with difficulty, ii. 41 ; xi. 50 ; difficult, v. 28.

Unhable, unable, i. 16 ; iii. 46.

Unhappie, unsuccessful (?) The line as it stands is obscure. Perhaps the best suggestion to make its sense clearer is that of Drayton, who proposes to read **gaine** for **paine,** *i.e.* "our heritage which is an unsuccessful or ineffectual gain to us, since we have no heirs," iv. 31.

Unmand, unmanned, unguarded, i. 25.

Unlast, unlaced, i. 39.

Unstayd, unsupported, without support or stay, i. 20.

Unweeting, unknowingly, ii. 27.

Unweldy, unwieldy, viii. 28.

Unwist, unknown, xii. 6.

Upcheared, cheered, "cheered up," i. 44.

Uphild, upheld, xi. 21.

Usage, manners, behaviour, i. 3.

Valentide, Valentine, the saint to whom February 14th is sacred. It was the old notion that birds began to mate on that day, vii. 32.

Vengement, revenge, vengeance, iii. 18.

Vew, sight, spectacle, ix. 8.

Vildely, vilely, vii. 45.

Vouchsafe, receive, accept (with condescension), iv. 34.

Voyded, taken away, removed, "voyded from before" = removed or bound back from the front of his head, vii. 43.

Vylde, vilely, Arg. i.

Waine, wain, wagon, iii. 29.

Wanton, wild, ix. 40.

Ward (sb.), watch, garrison, i. 22 ; (vb.) act on the defensive, i. 20 ; ward off, viii. 13.

Wayt, wait for, await, viii. 14.

Weed, clothing, garment, iv. 19 ; vi. 32.

Weene, expect, suppose, imagine, vi. 9 ; (pt. and pp.) i. 33 ; ii. 24 ; vii. 20 ; viii. 27 ; ix. 6. In v. 36 and ix. 6 Spenser used "weene" in the sense of "know," "understand."

Weet, Weete, know, ii. 4, 30 ; iii. 47 ; x. 10 ; xi. 1 ; (**Weeting**), vi. 44 ; "to weet" = to wit, iii. 3 ; v. 11 ; ix. 13 ; x. 10, *et pass.*

Weetingly, wittingly, knowingly, iii. 11.

Weetelesse, unknowing, not knowing, iii. 17, 47.

Weft (vb.), wafted, driven to, v. 23.

Weft (sb.), waif, wanderer, i. 18. There is also here perhaps an allusion to the technical term "*waif*" = "such goods as a thief when pursued throws away to prevent being apprehended."

Well-learned, well-trained, well-used, vii. 11.

Went, turning, veering, vi. 3.

Weren, were, ii. 16.

Wexe, grow, become, Arg. i. ; (pt.

and pp.) **Wext, Wexed, Woxe, Woxen,** i. 47; ii. 20; iv. 9, 17; viii. 27; ix. 42; xi. 25; (**Wexing,** pres. pt.), iii. 29.

What, thing, portion, bit, ix. 7.

Whenas, when, vii. 41, *et pass.*

Whot, hot, ii. 19; xi. 4; (**Whottest**), xi. 48.

Whereas, where, vii. 36.

Whylere, erewhile, some time ago, ii. 15, *et pass.*

Wide, round or near about, xi. 18.

Wight, creature, ix. 9, *et pass.*

Wild, willed, wished, ix. 12.

Wist, knew, ii. 20; iii. 46; viii. 13.

Wite, blame, iii. 16; xii. 41 (sb. and vb.).

Withouten, without, i. 6, *et pass.*

Won, Wonne, dwell, i. 1; ii. 25, 48; iv. 2; ix. 28; (**Wond,** pp.), ii. 30.

Won, Wonne (sb.), dwelling, iii. 37; x. 32, 44; xi. 35.

Wonning (sb.), dwelling, iv. 13.

Wonne (vb.), won, reached, ii. 25; iv. 26; xii. 35.

Wood, mad, angry, xi. 25.

Woodie, Wooddie, belonging to the wood, ii. 9, 26.

Wote, know, ii. 27; x. 21. *See* **Wist** and **Weet.**

Wonnt, wont, xi. 9.

Wowed, wooed, xi. 4.

Wracke, violence, vengeance, ii. 21.

Wrackfull, destructive, ix. 27.

Wrawling, wauling, crying like a cat, xii. 27.

Wring, bend, twist, vii. 9.

Writs, writings, xii. 41. The "former writs" is perhaps a reference to the seventh Eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar, in which Spenser satirises Bp. Aylmer under the name of Morell.

Wroke, Wroken, wreaked, ii. 13; avenged, ii. 7.

Wrought, worked upon, x. 38.

Wynd, wind, find a way, iv. 26.

Yborne, born, iii. 41.

Yclad, clad, ix. 7.

Yearne, earn, i. 40; vii. 15.

Yirks, strikes, lashes, vii. 44.

Yleft, left, v. 23.

Ymet, Ymett, i. 24, 33; xi. 17.

Ympe, youth, ii. 38. *See* **Imps.**

Yrketh, irks, annoys, vexes, x. 29.

Ywroken, revenged, vi. 18.

TEXTUAL NOTES

N.B.—Only the more important variations of the text are noticed.

INTRODUCTION

Stanza VI (l. 9) 1596 and all old editions read "name," thus making two lines end with the same word, a thing, however, not unknown in verse. Jortin suggested that "name" in l. 8 should be read "fame," while Collier, on the authority of Drayton in his folio 1611, amends "name" in l. 9 to "fame." It is quite likely that Spenser wrote the text as it stands.

CANTO I

Stanza XXVIII (l. 6) 1596 reads "ere thou do come," but all subsequent editions amend as in our text.

CANTO II

Stanza III (l. 2) 1596 reads "act and deed"; 1609, 1611, 1679, etc., as in our text.

,, ,, (ll. 3, 4) All the early editions read thus, but many later editors transpose the words "eyes" and "eares" in order to make the riming correct.

CANTO III

Stanza XXIV (l. 5) The reading of our text (1596) makes this line a foot too long; 1609, 1611, 1679 and other editions omit "in vaine."

,, XXVIII (l. 6) "Soft footing" is the reading of 1679; 1596, 1609, 1611 read "softing foot." But compare stanza vii. (l. 6), where "soft footing" occurs.

CANTO IV

Stanza XIII (l. 8) "Where" is the reading of 1609, 1611, 1679, etc.; 1596 has "there," which might be defended however.

,, XVI (l. 8) 1609, 1611, 1679 read "hurt"; 1596 reads "hurts."

,, XXXI (l. 5) "Our unhappie paine" is the reading of 1596 and all early editions, but many emendations have been suggested in order to make the sense of the line plainer. *See* Glossary, "Unhappie."

CANTO V

Stanza XXXIX (l. 3) 1596 reads "in glee." "In gree" is found in 1609, 1611, 1679, etc. The latter reading seems most in accordance with the sense of the passage. Cp. also Bk. V., vi. 21.

CANTO VI

Stanza XI (l. 9) "Makes" is the reading of 1609 and 1679; "make" is found in 1596 and 1611. It is just possible that Spenser of the sensitive ear may have written "make," even in defiance of syntax, in order to avoid the repetition of the sibilant.

,, XXXV (l. 6) "Fight" is the reading of 1609 and later editions; 1596 reads "right," which seems to be an error.

CANTO VIII

Stanza XI (l. 9) 1596 reads "tow" for "two."

,, XVII (l. 6) "From" is the reading of 1609, 1611, 1679, etc.; 1596 reads "for."

,, XLVII (l. 3) 1609 and other editions read "toyle."

CANTO IX

Stanza XLVI (l. 5) 1596 and 1609 read as in our text; 1611, 1679, and many later editions read "did dwell" for "did well."

CANTO X

Stanza II (l. 9) 1609 and other editions read "in the port."

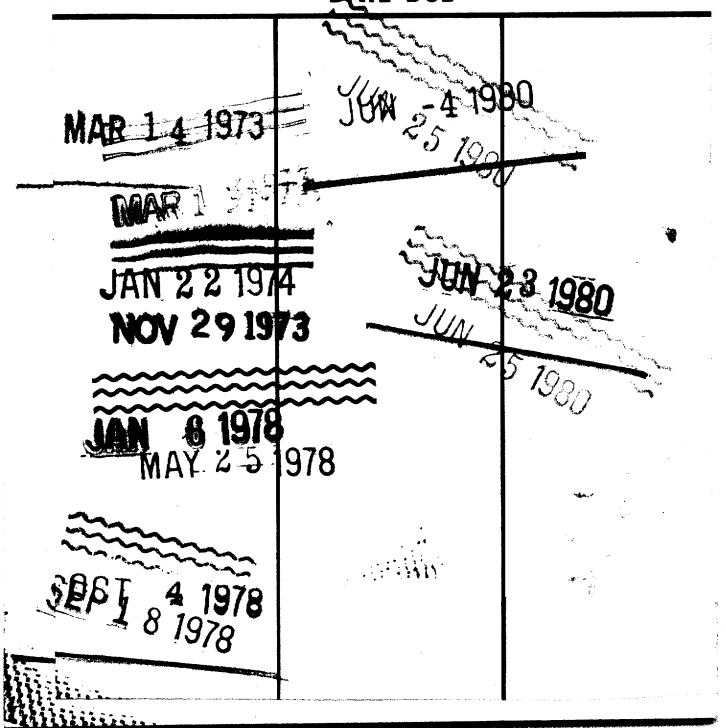
,, XXIV (l. 7) "Froward" is the reading of 1609, 1611, 1679, etc., and is clearly right (*see* Glossary, "froward" and "Graces"). 1596 reads "forward."

,, XXXIV (l. 9) "Her" is the reading of all old editions. It has been suggested by Drayton and others to read "ere" for "her," as making clearer sense of the line.

,, XXXVI (l. 6) Modern editors generally insert "he" before "presented," for metrical purposes. It seems scarcely needful.

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